

THE LIVING AGE



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for September, 1934

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries."

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THE GUIDE POST

NO MORE striking proof that Hitler's doom is sealed could be found than the account that a foreign diplomat stationed in Berlin gives of the events of June 30. Like Ernst Henri's *Hitler over Europe* it has more thrills than any detective story, and it possesses besides the hallmark of truth. If General Hugh Johnson were to telephone President Roosevelt and tell him to murder the leaders of the American Legion, the Elks, and the Knights of Columbus, while the General himself had ex-President and Mrs. Hoover assassinated and General Douglas MacArthur was barely succeeding in saving Vice President Garner from the same fate, you would have an American parallel for the recent events in Germany. And if you let your imagination play with that parallel you will not be inclined to think that Hitler is good for many months more.

BUT after Hitler, what? A German Communist describes the underground organizations that his own Party and others have established in the face of the Hitler terror, and, although he is too honest a man to prophesy a proletarian revolution under Communist leadership in the near future, he leaves the impression that such an event is certainly on the cards in the next few years.

PROFESSOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO lives in exile from Italy for the same reason that many of the best German scholars live in exile from their native land. We have already suggested an imaginary parallel between Germany and the United States; Professor Ferrero outlines a real one between the Byzantine Empire and the Third Reich.

RAÚL SCALABRINI ORTIZ continues his study of Argentina, the first half of which we translated last month, and pro-

vides the first information published anywhere concerning the ownership of the country's industrial plant and natural resources. He shows that foreign—especially British—capital owns about three-quarters of Argentina's wealth, and he states that a revolutionary movement, unreported in the native or foreign press, is gaining ground. Since he is writing for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* he naturally tries to show that Argentina is developing its own form of National Socialism.

THE Third Degree is as international as the Fascists who administer it and the Communists who suffer it. William Maxwell Bickerton, a native of New Zealand who had been teaching at a college in Tokyo for ten years, tells what happened to him after the Japanese police charged him with harboring 'dangerous thoughts' and engaging in 'Communitistic activities.' During March he suddenly disappeared and was discovered in a local police station, from which he finally gained his release. He returned to London and has made a sworn statement before the British Foreign Office describing his experiences. It should be pointed out that the *Manchester Guardian*, which has publicized this case of Japanese brutality, is published in the centre of the British textile industry, where suffering from Japanese competition has been so acute.

A GERMAN visitor to Singapore describes this most important naval base in the Far East—and to-day that means the most important naval base in the world. Since his country lost its foothold in Asia during the War he takes a special relish in the triumph that the yellow races are scoring in that quarter over the whites. In Singapore, for instance, the Chinese

(Continued on page 94)

THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

IN APPOINTING Dr. Schacht Minister of Economics the Nazi régime plays its last card. Not only has it turned to the one man whose ability gives him the ghost of a chance of being able to save Germany for Fritz Thyssen, it has conferred on him every power at its command. According to the so-called 'empowering law' Dr. Schacht can 'take all measures that he considers necessary for furthering national business or for preventing or removing economic evils.' He does not even issue ordinances, he simply does what he likes and has express permission to violate any existing laws. Americans who complain that Roosevelt's uncertain currency policy is slowing down recovery may be able to get some faint idea of what a disturbing effect Schacht's new powers have had on the business of Germany where the new Minister of Economics has already proven himself a completely untrustworthy customer.

Not until recent months has German big business as a whole come to distrust Nazi economics; on the other hand, the disastrous results of Hitlerism on the masses have long been a matter of history, and every week that passes means further hardship for the German people. Prices have advanced while wages and hours have declined—the 36-hour week recently decreed in the textile industry has reduced the buying power of the masses even more drastically than the 'share-the-work' policy of our own N. R. A. The Nazi Labor Front has estimated the average wage of the German worker, male and female, young and old,

skilled and unskilled, at 26¼ marks a week, about \$10.50. Only in the textile industry does it vouchsafe any further details, and we learn that in that department the weekly wage has fallen from 26½ marks to 21½ marks in less than a year. Thyssen's Vereinigte Stahlwerke alone shows improvement. Monthly steel production during June exceeded one million tons for the first time since the depression began, and during the second quarter of 1934 pig-iron production increased 26 per cent over the previous year and steel production 16 per cent.

This improvement does not, however, affect all the propertied classes in Germany or even all the big industrialists. The *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* reports that the aristocratic Berlin Herrenklub continues an underground existence. Three of its members, Schleicher, Bose, and Jung were shot on June 30, and its former president, Count Bodo von Alvensleben, and its former director, Iwan von Radowitz, are both in concentration camps while its leading spirit, Heinrich von Gleichen, lives in England awaiting the fall of the Nazi régime. Most members of the Herrenklub, it will be recalled, supported that group of German industrialists who were willing to form a continental steel cartel with the French, and, as Hitler begins to falter, they can be counted on to make a bid for power before the Communists arrive at the gates.

WHEN THE NAZIS clapped Carl von Ossietzky, former editor of the *Weltbühne*, into a concentration camp and submitted him to systematic tortures, they gave the Nobel Peace Prize Committee the best cue it has had in years. Even the German Republic sent Ossietzky to jail after a secret trial because he had exposed its illegal preparations for air warfare. When offered the opportunity to quit the country, he chose to serve out his sentence, and again when the Nazis came into power he preferred to face the music. Lion Feuchtwanger has now joined the chorus of those who are urging that Ossietzky receive this year the world-wide acclaim that he deserves and has written as follows to the authorities in Oslo:—

As all the world knows, Carl von Ossietzky is to-day in a German concentration camp, suffering physical and spiritual mistreatment of the grossest kind for the sake of peace. In view of the numberless 'suicides' and cases of 'shot while attempting to escape' that have become the order of the day in German concentration camps, well-informed people doubt that Ossietzky will live even until the day the prize is awarded. I believe, and tens of thousands believe with me, that it would be difficult for you to find a more worthy fighter in the cause of peace than this great and courageous German writer, Carl von Ossietzky.

Readers of THE LIVING AGE who have come to know the *Weltbühne* and its successor, the *Neue Weltbühne*, through our pages will find it easy to endorse this plea.

ENGLAND'S so-called 'recovery,' hailed in some quarters as the eighth wonder of the modern world, in spite of the fact that unemployment remains at over 2 million, has been subjected to close scrutiny by the London *Economist*. The earnings of all the most important branches of industry have been analyzed, showing that the average common-stock dividends came to 6.1 per cent for the year ending in June, 1934, as compared with 5.6 per cent in 1933. Breweries and shops earn the largest returns—slightly more than 12 per cent; tea comes second with 7.9 per cent, and oil third with 7.8 per cent. 'Miscellaneous,' however, shows dividends of 8.3 per cent. Rubber at .8 per cent stands at the foot of the list, canals and docks come next with 1.1 per cent, and shipping next with 1.2 per cent. The *Economist* points out that home industries have revived more than industries depending on international trade, with the result that for the first time in many years the leading international bankers in London have begun to float new securities for such British industries as steel, coal, and water power. Aviation shares have made the most sensational progress of any one group, and the chairman of Handley Page frankly told his stockholders: 'We note with satisfaction that on the breaking down of the Disarmament Conference the Government has decided upon an increase in the air force.' Nevertheless, the peak of Britain's revival appears to have passed, unemployment having risen in June and the *Spectator* having confessed that 'the formidable addition of 65,000 out-of-work miners looks rather more than seasonal even in this hot summer.'

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT evidently shares the *Spectator's* misgivings, for it has taken extraordinary measures in recent months to prevent the unemployed from organizing. Street meetings in the vicinity of Labor Exchanges are being broken up by the police, and Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascists continue to attract the interest of nervous Tories. An organization known as the January Club, which exists to study the corporate state, includes among its directors Rothermere, the press baron, Vincent C. Vickers, chairman of a big insurance company, Augustine Courtauld of the rayon concern that bears his name, and Wing-Commander Louis Greig of the Royal Air Force, Gentleman Usher in Ordinary to the King. The Club's committee includes such writers as G. Ward Price, Sir John Squire, and F. Yeats-Brown. This organization recently held a dinner at which Mosley debated with one of its most active members, Sir Charles Petrie, a youthful Tory of unusual ability. Mosley's movement has also attracted the interest of Morris and Austin, the two foremost automobile manufacturers in Great Britain, Sir Henri Deterding of Royal Dutch, and Lady Houston, proprietress of the *Saturday Review*.

ENGLISHMEN have always taken their cricket as seriously as their politics, but during the recent Test match with Australia they had to take them together with results that nearly proved fatal to all concerned. In 1932, when the British cricketers visited Australia, their star bowler, Harold Larwood, created an international incident by throwing what would correspond to the 'bean ball' on the American baseball diamond. The Australians protested, and this year Larwood announced that he would never play against Australia again, complaining that 'political influence' had kept him out of the match. That eminent Vickers stockholder, Viscount Hailsham, Secretary for War, at once released this important definition of British national policy:—

I really cannot understand what Larwood means. Whose is the political influence supposed to be, and what is it supposed to do? When the first Test match team was chosen, he said he was not fit, and that is the reason he was not chosen, so I always understood.

I think it is a very great pity, when the Australians are over here, having a very pleasant time, and when there is no sort of unpleasantness or difficulty at all, that this sort of agitation should be worked up, which can only do harm and spoil the tour. Good manners should have prevented this attack on the Australians, who, after all, are our guests.

J. H. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions, had no hesitation whatever about making his views public, although a few weeks previously the newspapers carefully refrained from reporting a speech he had made before a select gathering of Conservatives to the effect that England was likely to go to war at any moment. Here is what he had to say about a really pressing matter:—

Neither directly nor indirectly have any discussions taken place with politicians with regard to Larwood, either in Australia or here. It is rather unfortunate that Larwood, in his grievance against somebody, should have dragged in politicians.

The mother country then proceeded to have it both ways. Australia did not withdraw from the Empire, and England won the match without the services of Larwood.

TARDIEU'S ACCUSATION that former Premier Chautemps had his name forged on one of Stavisky's checks did more than produce a Cabinet crisis in France. Even though Premier Doumergue persuaded Herriot to remain in the same Cabinet with a proven crook who charged one of the leaders of Herriot's own party with corruption on no evidence whatever, the bitterness between Fascist and anti-Fascist forces in France increases and may lead at any moment to civil war. Tardieu has openly joined the campaign against democracy now being waged by half a dozen different organizations who lump the Radicals, Socialists, and Communists together as 'Freemasons.' The result is that for the

first time in history Socialists and Communists have formed a united front against Fascism, over the opposition, it is true, of Léon Blum, the Socialist leader. This move also marks a basic change of tactics on the part of the Communists, who have insisted in the past—and not in France only—on the ‘united front from below’ and have refused to enter into organizational alliances. But the growth of French Fascism has caused both the leading proletarian parties to adopt new policies. Meanwhile Tardieu attacks Chautemps in the hope of driving out of the Cabinet the one French party that supports democracy.

EARLY IN JULY, Paul Reynaud, a former French Minister of Finance, made a speech before the Chamber of Deputies throwing further light on the popular discontent that underlies the struggle over Fascism. He had previously warned the Government to bring prices down, and this time he showed that business activity was at its lowest ebb in the gold-bloc countries, quoting facts and figures from the United States and the countries of the sterling group to prove his point. He then argued that systematic reduction of prices at this time would involve too many sacrifices and could not be put into effect and proceeded to recommend reducing the gold content of the franc, just as Roosevelt reduced the gold content of the dollar. He insisted that this step would not be accompanied by a rise in prices such as occurred in 1926 when the franc was cut to $\frac{1}{5}$ of its pre-war value, and his plea made such a strong impression that bond prices at once declined. The present Finance Minister, Germain-Martin, replied that the Government remained determined not to devalue the franc in pursuance of its general policy to restore confidence, to bring money out of hoarding, and to stimulate a business revival. One point, however, M. Reynaud did drive home—the Government cannot bring down prices without also lowering the tariffs on agricultural imports.

FRANCE IS not the only gold-standard country in which the people have shown discontent: a direct connection can be detected between the July riots in Amsterdam and Holland’s determination to keep the gold basis of its currency unchanged. Few countries have suffered a more severe depression, and in few has unemployment remained so widespread since 1933. A dole has long been necessary, but it had to be cut recently on account of falling revenues. A correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation* writes from Amsterdam telling of instances he verified in which relief payments, exclusive of the money that went into rent, were cut in two and describing the violent reactions that followed. Under Communist leadership the inhabitants of the working-class district of Amsterdam fought off the police throughout an entire night, and it re-

quired machine guns and tanks to break up their demonstrations. Six people were killed, and sixty injured. The longshoremen and building trades went out on strike, and some of the soldiers refused to entrain for duty in Amsterdam. Twenty members of the police were sent to jail for refusing to obey orders, and demonstrations occurred all over the country. Revolution may not be at the gates yet in Holland, but something is rotten in the currency if not in the state.

WHEN IT COMES to prophesying where trouble will break out next in Central Europe, one man's guess is as good as another's. The Austrian Government probably commands a smaller percentage of popular support than any régime in the world; King Alexander's dictatorship in Yugoslavia has more powerful national minorities than any other to contend with; but our vote goes to Rumania as the country most likely to follow Austria's example. Although it has a more fertile soil and richer mineral deposits than any of its neighbors, most of its farms are in the hands of a few big landowners, the British own 35 per cent of its oil wells, and the French control the national finances. No other European state had such a heavily unbalanced budget,—in 1933 expenditures exceeded income by 25 per cent,—and now an unprecedented drought has ruined millions of peasants. German Nazis and Italian Fascists compete against each other to capitalize the discontent, especially among the lower middle classes, while the so-called 'Liberal' Government, actually a cat's paw of the French Foreign Office, makes a clean sweep of all civil liberties. Finally, it should be pointed out that Foreign Minister Barthou's recent visit to Bucharest signified something more than a reaffirmation of the Franco-Rumanian alliance; it also prepared the way for a large Rumanian munitions order to the firm of Schneider-Creusot. A year ago, one of the numberless armament scandals revealed the Czechoslovakian firm of Skoda subsidizing a war-scare campaign in the Rumanian press. As a result Skoda lost its contract, and the British firm of Vickers tried to step into the breach with the aid of the London *Times*, both of whose Bucharest correspondents have been on the Vickers payroll. But—P. S.—Schneider-Creusot got the job.

MUSSOLINI'S repeated assurances that Italy's destiny lies in the East and his recent warnings against Japan's military exploits in Asia indicate that he would be prepared to take the side of almost any anti-Japanese coalition. It so happens that Count Ciano, former Italian ambassador to China, who married Mussolini's daughter, was in Shanghai when the Japanese troops attacked the city in 1932, and since that time the Italian Government has taken special pains to keep informed on Far Eastern affairs. Furthermore, several points of Italian-

Japanese friction have developed. Italy had made an agreement with the Brazilians for favorable treatment of Italian immigrants; whereupon Japanese immigrants proceeded to flood the country. Italy has also tried to develop a sphere of influence in Abyssinia, but there too the Japanese have appeared, selling goods and even trying to persuade the heir to the Ethiopian throne to marry a Japanese lady of noble birth. The scheme fell through, but since that time Italian exports, like the exports of many other countries, have suffered at the hands of the Japanese in all parts of the world.

THE RECEPTION that greeted the members of the *Chelyuskin* expedition—whose adventures are related elsewhere in this issue—gave expression to a new spirit that has gained force in the Soviet Union. Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, pointed out the contrast between the disciplined behavior of more than a hundred shipwrecked Communists who listened to lectures on dialectical materialism on an ice floe in the Bering Strait and the frantic despair of a handful of Fascists who came to grief on Nobile's dirigible a few years before. The Fascists wandered aimlessly over the arctic wastes, finally emerging in separate groups, one of which, minus its Swedish companion, appeared to be enjoying the best of health in spite of the alleged lack of food. Herr Basseches regards the whole episode as indicating a new outburst of patriotism:—

The important thing is that the Soviets have succeeded in whipping up a powerful wave of patriotism in their masses. Kubyichev was correct when he regarded the rescue of the *Chelyuskin* expedition as a sign that discipline in the land of the Soviets has made possible increased mastery of 'patriotic technique.' Russia could always have produced seven heroic flyers. Nor is the extraordinary and really historic fact that planes made in the Soviet Union carried out the rescue. The extraordinary and unique thing in Soviet Russia is the discipline with which the rescue was effected. This discipline is an important factor, which must be taken into account in any estimate of the Soviet Union.

LAST MONTH we referred here to the new canal—named, incidentally, for Stalin—that the Russians have built connecting the Baltic with the White Sea. This new line of communication has already caused the fishing village of Murmansk at the northwestern extremity of the Soviet Union to grow to a city of 90,000 inhabitants, and plans are going forward to make it accommodate 300,000 people some day. This expansion has military as well as economic aims. According to a correspondent of the London *Daily Express* who has just visited Vladivostok, the Russians are trying to open a northern passage through which their fleet can sail from Leningrad to the east coast of Asia in the event of war with Japan, and, according to the Stockholm correspondent of the

Berliner Tageblatt, the prospect of a 'Red Arctic' is alarming the Swedes. This informant states that no less than 130,000 prisoners, including 10,000 women, from all parts of Russia were put to work on the Stalin Canal and told that good behavior would reduce their sentences 75 per cent. The next step will be to construct a new port to be called Ust-Lena halfway between the Bering Strait and Archangel at a latitude of more than 71 degrees, the northernmost harbor in the world and—according to Soviet authorities—the centre of a new economic empire of coal, lumber, fur, and ore.

THE NEW JAPANESE Cabinet, headed by Admiral Okada, that replaced Admiral Saito's Cabinet has had a bad press in every quarter. The Japanese newspapers have criticized the vagueness of its projects, and the American-owned *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai remarked, 'That Okada is a "big navy man," a supporter of Japan's claims for naval parity with America and Britain, goes without saying.' The ostensible reason for Saito's resignation was a scandal in the Treasury Department, but the real cause, as the Japanese papers guardedly pointed out, was that Saito had fallen down on the job of 'keeping up the country's discipline' and 'had failed to realize an active continental policy.' The day before Saito quit, his Finance Minister—who, incidentally, remains in office—rejected the demands of the admirals and generals for increased expenditures on defense, pointing out that both America and England were suffering from internal troubles that ruled out any possibility of their attacking Japan. And according to the *China Weekly Review* Japan is facing a domestic crisis of her own:—

Since the appointment of Admiral Okada as premier and the continuance in office of the War, Navy, and Foreign Ministers who served in the preceding government indicates there is to be no change in policy, it means that Japan is facing a crisis, but it is not the 'international' crisis that the war lords refer to in their propaganda. It's a purely domestic crisis concerned with a bankrupt treasury, increasing poverty of the peasantry, growing revolutionary movements combined with increased repressive measures involving wholesale arrests of students, teachers, and labor-union members and executives accused of harboring 'dangerous thoughts.'

The Russians also fear the new Cabinet, and one of their papers has stated: 'We may at any moment expect new surprises caused by the continental policy of the Tokyo war lords.'

SHORTLY AFTER Okada assumed office, his Government lived up to its reputation. While Norman Davis was discussing naval disarmament in London with the British, the Japanese demanded that all conversations on the subject cease until October. By that time, according to W. N. Ewer, diplomatic correspondent of the Laborite *Daily Herald*,

Japan will insist on complete parity with the United States and Great Britain and demand that the two stronger Powers reduce their navies to the Japanese level. Failing to carry these two points Japan will then denounce the Washington and London Naval Treaties and regain freedom of action. Mr. Ewer declares that all hope for a successful naval conference in 1935 has vanished and describes the activities of the British and Japanese as follows:—

The Japanese for the past month have been sitting back hoping for an Anglo-American row that would kill the conference without their needing to act. They have been disappointed. So now they have taken steps to put a stop to the Anglo-American talks until they are ready formally to table their demands. And the British Government has walked straight into the trap.

But while Japan plays England off against America, England plays America off against Japan. Although the Japanese regard England as a potential enemy, the English have taken great pains to conceal this fact. Recently, for instance, the two British-owned newspapers in Shanghai made no mention of a clash between British police and Japanese sailors in the International Settlement, leading *Chen Pao*, a Chinese paper friendly to Chiang Kai-shek, to assert that the Japanese are winning control of the settlement away from the British:—

If the Chinese cannot recover the Settlement, the position of the Settlement will be somewhat like this: the Japanese will control the British, and the British will control the Chinese. We can then expect political oppression from both the Japanese and the British, and we shall become slaves.

THE FIRST COUNTRY that the world depression hit with full force has now experienced a more substantial recovery than any other. Since 1931 Australia has cut the number of its unemployed in two, converted an anticipated budget deficit of one million pounds into an even larger budget surplus, and reduced the national debt. Cuts in relief, pensions, and government salaries went far toward making this improvement possible, and some of these cuts are being restored in view of the election that occurs this fall. Furthermore, the Labor Party is rallying from the defeat it suffered in December, 1931, and has lately won majorities in Tasmania and Queensland, while disagreement has broken out between the United Australian Party and the Country Party, which support the Government of Premier Lyons. One critical stage of the depression having passed, the Laborites are feeling their oats and refusing to make further sacrifices at a time when their opponents, whom adversity united, are divided by prosperity. Australia's recovery has also benefited the mother country by making possible tariff reductions on 144 items of import from England.

Here are three disturbing reports of a régime that seems doomed. A foreign diplomat and a German Communist take us behind the scenes, and Professor Guglielmo Ferrero draws an historical analogy.

The Expiring REICH

AN INTERNATIONAL
SYMPOSIUM

I. MURDER IN THE SADDLE

By A FOREIGN DIPLOMAT

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

[The communication that follows comes to us from a member of the foreign diplomatic service stationed in Berlin. We have been given permission to reproduce it.—Editors, the 'Neue Tage-Buch.']

YOU were correct in the description you gave of the great slaughter here when you said that no conspiracy or attempted revolution was under way. I am availing myself of the services of who brought me your greetings to set down for you a few details that we know here. We have compared notes with the other Ministries, and everything tallies.

The root of the matter is that for weeks the conviction grew stronger in every quarter that the Hitler régime was hopelessly doomed. As long ago as May, all the diplomatic representatives believed this, including even the upper German bureaucracy, many of whose members began whispering to each other, 'You don't believe that I worked with this Government because I really supported it?' Furthermore, everybody who had any previous knowledge of politics and government felt the same way. Social and diplomatic circles in Berlin universally believed that everything would fall completely to pieces within

a few months. Incidentally, this conviction has become even stronger to-day.

Naturally, everybody then began asking, 'What next?' All conversations revolved about this topic. Opinions differed, although the one point on which everyone agreed was that the Communists were not yet in a position to seize power. And, in order to block their path, people of varying beliefs determined that they should not wait unprepared until Hitler could function no longer. Something had to be thought out and made ready. But not one of them had the faintest desire to overthrow Hitler. On the contrary, everyone, without exception, said the régime must be allowed to go to pieces of its own accord as unmistakably as possible in order to safeguard the future and to forestall further setbacks. 'It must stink itself out,' as . . . said shortly before the events of June 30.

Furthermore, everyone wanted to wait quietly. Nobody wanted to raise so much as a finger to hurry Hitler's fall. There was n't the shadow of a conspiracy. There were only ideas as to how Germany would avoid—once again!—the chaos that everybody foresaw and still foresees in the course of the next nine months after the so-called 'crack-up.'

II

The unhappy Papen represented the monarchist element. His solution, of which von Bose and Tschischky made no secret, was the Hohenzollerns, although it never became clear which member of the family he favored. Schleicher retained his old pose of the 'Social General.' He wanted to

work with people who had the support of the workers—Gregor Strasser, for instance. He discussed the possibility with . . . on one occasion and, of course, mentioned this possible solution to François-Poncet, the French Ambassador, as well.

The Catholics again devoted most of their attention to how the Catholic districts could be held together after the anticipated collapse, and they talked about local governments for Bavaria and the Rhineland, naturally mentioning the name of the Wittelsbachs first. The name of . . . they, of course, brought up frequently in connection with the Reich.

But these were all nothing more than abstract theories based on an occurrence that nobody wished to aid in bringing about. They were the speculations of professional politicians, or patriots, as they prefer to be called, although they deserve both names. The advocates of these various ideas had no connections with each other. Their lists of ministers were uncertain combinations for an uncertain future. They did what people do in every country under the sun when a government begins to totter: they speculated as to possible new governments.

This entire and ever-growing conviction that the régime could not last had long made the governing circles nervous. Hence, for instance, the campaign against carpers and kill-joys who were not making themselves heard from 'below' but who were known to be members of the 'better' classes. Perhaps still more significant was the agitation that the gentlemen in the Government displayed at social functions. They were rushing about in every direction. They kept trying

to hear what this man was saying to that one. The increasing demoralization of social life, especially at diplomatic affairs, then made itself evident: the gentlemen in command felt that people foresaw disaster and were talking about it and that they were not received with such complete hospitality as they had once been. That made them furtive, and they began to stop going out socially.

III

Quite separate from all this, and yet deeply connected with it, trouble was brewing in the Storm Troops. Your article was quite correct in pointing out that Hitler was trying to 'normalize' the Storm Troops by transforming some and dismissing others. He wanted to untangle himself from some of the difficulties that were weighing him down. That was the method he chose to avoid the impending breakdown. But at this point he came up against Röhm who opposed the move and offered what was called 'sharp internal resistance.' He kept bringing up new arguments, begged Hitler not to take such a suicidal step, and so on. Finally, it was agreed to consult the Storm-Troop leaders. They decided to do the same thing that General Headquarters did in 1918 before the Kaiser abdicated. On that occasion the corps and division commanders were summoned to Spa and questioned about the state of mind of their troops—what could be done and what could n't. This time Hitler and Röhm agreed to call the Storm-Troop group leaders together at Munich and ask them how the Storm Troops would take the decision to change them.

The date was set for June 30, and Hitler agreed to attend.

Subsequently, this meeting was described as the beginning of the rebellion, though it had been agreed upon by Hitler, and both Röhm and Hitler had consented to appear at it. The purpose was to gather information. There is not the slightest doubt on this score. All reports about it agree. Another fact is equally beyond doubt: Hitler was in Westphalia and was to fly to Munich early on the morning of June 30 for this meeting of the Storm-Troop leaders. Then, in the afternoon of the 29th, he received a telephone call from Göring who informed him that the Storm Troops were mobilizing that evening, that armored cars had already been requisitioned to launch an attack on the Government offices the next morning, that the danger was urgent, and that the uprising must be smashed at once.

The fact of Göring's telephone call is also indisputable. He himself has boasted about it. Hitler, too, has described it as the turning point in what happened. But it is equally certain that Göring's message of alarm was a packet of lies from start to finish. Nobody had been mobilized, nothing requisitioned. The most complete quiet lay over the whole land. Göring simply repeated Papen's trick of January 30, 1933. Then, too, all was quiet in Germany, whereupon Papen raised the alarm that Schleicher wanted to attack Berlin from Potsdam with the Reichswehr. As you know, he used this terrifying announcement to bring Hindenburg and Hitler together. And now Göring discovers the Storm-Troop revolution and starts a series of actions that must have been prepared long in advance.

It must be assumed—as everyone here does—that Hitler and Göring had come to some kind of agreement about what to do in the event of a Storm-Troop mutiny and had drawn up certain lists of names. Possibly they did not go so far as to reckon on an uprising. It is entirely conceivable that they had discussed how to hamstring the various disaffected elements without instigating any direct attack from that quarter and that Göring had worked out a broad plan of arrests and ‘sentences’ covering all embarrassing groups. Of this we know nothing. But we may safely assume that a plan of action and a list of proscribed names must have been known to Hitler in general outline. Göring succeeded in getting this plan executed by means of his telephone conversation and his message that the uprising had begun. Either the anticipated moment had arrived, or Hitler’s irresolution and caution collapsed in the face of danger. In any event, he took this telephone call as a command to unsheathe the sword. His own trip to Munich was changed, and he took charge of that part of Germany. Göring ‘purged’ the rest of the Reich.

By means of a colossal lie Göring thus started in motion a sequence of acts that he and Hitler had outlined long before as a possible contingency. Hitler himself did not demand the slightest proof, which he could easily have procured, as to the accuracy of Göring’s message of panic. And this in the face of his knowledge of Göring’s capacity for untruthfulness. Perhaps he was too excited. Perhaps he *wanted* to believe the message. Perhaps he was glad to be freed at last

from his irresolution and caution. In any case, Pandora’s box was open now.

After the telephone conversation with Göring, Hitler summoned Goebbels, who was not with him in Westphalia but in Berlin. He ordered him to fly at once and join him in the Rhineland, for he needed an ‘eye-witness’ and a journalist to describe the heroic actions he was about to perform in Munich. And perhaps he thought it might be instructive for Goebbels to see with his own eyes what happened to ‘traitors.’ One never knows what may come in handy.

IV

The rest is known. Hitler woke Röhm from his sleep in the Hanselbauer Inn in Weissee—not in Röhm’s villa, for Röhm had no villa in Weissee. And he woke not only Röhm but all the other summer guests who were staying there. The two men began screaming so loud that every word they said could be heard throughout the whole flimsy little house. Some twenty people listened in. They heard Hitler’s hysterical, endless shrieks that Röhm was a traitor, and they heard Röhm trying to shriek him down with cries of, ‘There is only one traitor here, and that is you, you rascal, you faker!’

Major Buch appeared in another room without saying a word and shot Heines. Röhm was then taken to the Stadelheim prison and was handed a pistol to shoot himself. He shrieked that he would not think of committing suicide, though he invited Hitler to kill him if the coward had the courage, but said it would be better if Hitler turned the gun on himself.

The same Major Buch then 'put him away.' He, if you remember, was the man who had already been head of the 'Brown-House Cheka' that was organized two years ago to kill Röhm, Spreti, Du Moulin-Eckardt, and Heines. The matter came up for trial in Munich, and Dr. Bell, who was subsequently murdered, uncovered the whole plot. Major Buch therefore carried out his original assignment two years late.

Then the other Storm-Troop leaders whose names were on the list were arrested and shot in the former Royal Bavarian Military Academy, although they had come to Munich at the express orders of Hitler himself. Since Hitler had supreme command in Munich, there is no doubt that he gave the orders for these murders, too. Most important of all were the instructions to murder the men who blocked his Munich putsch of 1923—Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser. Next came all supporters of a Wittelsbach restoration, as soon as he could trap them. Crown Prince Ruprecht was in London, but he did away with Stützel, former Catholic Minister of the Interior, Baron Guttenbrunn, Ruprecht's adjutant, and others not all of whose names are yet known.

V

Meanwhile Göring in Berlin did—absolutely nothing! This is very characteristic of the honorable gentleman who had started the ball rolling. After egging on Hitler against Munich and preparing the 'purge' with him, he prudently waited to see how things went in that quarter. Hitler murdered there all night and through the early morning, while Göring did nothing

until he was certain that it was all right in Munich. He did not turn his murderers loose until the morning of June 30, and most of them were dressed in civilian clothes. If Röhm had been awake and had finished off Hitler, Göring would unquestionably have been on the winning side just the same.

A few more details should also be mentioned, showing how little basis there was for suspecting a putsch or any kind of conspiracy.

Group Leader Ernst of the Storm Troops, for instance, was neither in Berlin, as Hitler stated in his Reichstag speech, nor had he fled at the last minute, as was later stated. On June 29, in accordance with long-standing arrangements, he had gone to attend the launching of the *Graf Spee* and was to set out the next day for Majorca with his wife, who was soon to have a baby. He had received special permission to send a representative to the meeting of Storm-Troop leaders in Munich. Nor was he arrested in Bremen. A leader of the Schütz-Steffel, who said he had received orders by telephone from the 'Führer,' told Ernst to attend an urgent meeting in Berlin and not go away. He went voluntarily and alone in accordance with these instructions. At the station he was seized by a patrol, taken to Lichterfelde, and shot. To the very end he believed that he had fallen victim to an anti-Hitlerite plot.

Schleicher's former secretary, von Bredow, was sitting with a friend on the terrace of the Café Dobrin when the news of Schleicher's death was brought to him during the afternoon of June 30. He was staggered and could not understand it. He himself,

however, did not feel at all disturbed because he said that he had unfortunately not seen Schleicher in four months. If there had been anything whatever 'on his conscience,' he would at least have tried to keep himself hidden. But he went home quietly and was arrested there that evening. The next morning his wife could not believe he had been taken for anything more than questioning—until she received the news that he was dead.

Papen owes his life to General von Fritsch, who may have carried out instructions from Neudeck but who more probably acted on his own initiative, for Hindenburg would not have been able to make up his mind so quickly. The moment Fritsch heard that Papen had been arrested he informed Göring that he was holding him, Göring, personally responsible for the life of the Vice Chancellor. If any harm were to come to Papen, Göring would have to reckon with the Reichswehr. A few hours later, this intervention gave rise to the rumor that von Fritsch had been arrested. But that would have meant a shift in the balance of forces:

When we review what happened we are driven to conclude that a government that saw its authority vanishing and could not master its difficulties either by democratic or really dictatorial methods decided to get rid of every conceivable enemy of to-morrow—not of to-day—by the old-fashioned method of murder. These killings in every direction had been decided upon far in advance. Göring lit the fuse with his message of panic. Hitler either lost his head or jumped at the chance of salvation that was offered. Goebbels and his

incompetent journalism then proceeded to ruin everything that was left to ruin.

Just a word about the future. One of the most important consequences could be seen on the day Hitler addressed the Reichstag and explained what had happened. I have often seen governments in other countries in hot water. But even in the most dangerous period under the Tsars I never saw anything like this. When Hitler went from the Reichs Chancellor's office to the Kroll Opera House to make his address, his entire path was flanked right and left by a solid wall of heavily armed police and Schütz-Steffer troops. There were repeated searches of the anterooms of the Kroll Opera House, and battalions of detectives were on hand. Every entrance to the auditorium was guarded by soldiers in steel helmets armed with swords. Everyone present—and the American, English, French, and Russian ambassadors made a point of not attending—could not fail to conclude that a period of wild, hostile fear had begun among the men who wield power.

The second consequence is that the rulers have cut them off from support on every side. They are suspect. If they come to the end of their rope, they will get kicked from every side, including the Reichswehr, on the support of which both Hitler and Göring are speculating. No monarchist bourgeois system will arise with a General Göring, although this is what he has been dreaming about in recent months. That is certain. Every twenty-four hours some not unimportant general describes the Government of his country to a foreigner as 'the whole rabble and scum.'

II. UNDERGROUND GERMANY

By A GERMAN COMMUNIST

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

A VERY popular novel has described the illegal organizations of the German proletariat as being essential to the transmission of atrocity stories. Anyone familiar with official announcements from the 'Third Reich' knows that the 'organizations hostile to the State' do more than this and also knows that these organizations possess a predominantly Communist character.

The illegal organizations in Germany include the two big groups of Communists and Social Democrats. They also include the old factional groups that remain factional although the exigencies of illegality have thrown more light on their activities. The Centre Party engages in as little illegal work as any other bourgeois party, although there are considerable groups of Catholic workers—unorganized and held together only by personal relationships—who are taking part in anti-Fascist activities under Communist leadership in western and eastern Germany.

Illegal non-party organizations based on trade unions have appeared in many places. Their ideology is completely dominated by the Communists, but they have not yet spread their organizational network over any considerable stretch of territory. Men engaged in illegal activity prefer to work with people whom they have known for a long time. The proletarian united front is being formed by the approach of small groups of Social

Democratic, Catholic, and even National-Socialist workers toward revolutionary organizations. Although the united organizations that have developed in this way cannot boast a large membership since most of them are made up of independent trade unions, they represent the working class as a whole and have the equipment to lead greater struggles when they become capable of action.

No big illegal organizations of National Socialists have yet joined the opposition. The celebrated 'Black Front' unions are nothing but cliques inside the Fascist apparatus. There are, however, numerous opposition groups in varying stages of development in the National-Socialist shop committees, in the compulsory labor camps, and in the Storm Troops. The National-Socialist Party has no inner life of its own. As soon as opposition groups within its own ranks abandon general criticism and seek for political leadership, they must of necessity turn to the Communists.

II

This checkered picture becomes easier to understand when we remember that of all the numerous illegal organizations, only the Communists have a real party. Always persecuted in the past and accustomed to resorting to illegal methods in many important districts, the Communist organizations have withstood the impact

of the dictatorship. There has always been a centrally directed Communist Party organization covering every part of the Reich. Of course, it has its shortcomings, and to-day the strength of its organizations varies widely, for they are weakest in the agrarian and intensely terrorized east and are even stronger in such great centres as Berlin, Hamburg, and the Ruhr than they were in the period of legality. The organizations also grow at different rates of speed and function differently in different districts. To-day the Communists have a strong framework not only in their old citadels but in the workers' districts of Thuringia, Hesse, Württemberg, in many parts of Bavaria, and in Saxony, where—with the possible exception of Ostrand—the old relationship of inferiority to the Social-Democratic Party has been reversed.

Since the lower organizations are indestructible, even the largest holes that appear in the middle organizations are quickly filled. *Die Kommune*, an official publication, described the arrest of the leaders of the Berlin organization as merely a 'severe blow' to the German Communist Party. At many points, of course, relatively young groups have jumped into the front rank: youthful leaders learn fast under illegality, and the Social Democrats left a legacy of numerous well-trained functionaries in mass organization.

There can be no more doubt to-day about the rapid growth of the German Communist Party. Not counting those members in prisons and concentration camps, those under close surveillance, and those who have left the country, it has between 90,000 and 100,000 active comrades. In eight large but

not very big places it has added during the last few weeks 1,250 new members from among former Socialists, which certainly exceeds the number of its members that the Gestapo (Secret Police) seized all over Germany in that time. The German Communist Party has half as many members as it had when it was legal—if we include all those who cannot, for one reason or another, render active aid. Many members cannot pay their dues promptly, many subordinate organizations must work for weeks on their own initiative because communications have been interrupted, sometimes the proceeds from dues have to be spent locally, but the normal organizational connections are always reestablished. In his book *Die Kommune*, Sommerfeld states that the income of the headquarters in Berlin amounted to 14,000 marks in July, 1933, and fell to 6,000 marks in October, the period of the most severe repression. Before the period of illegality the normal monthly income amounted to 18,000 marks when all dues were paid.

III

What has enabled the Communist Party to stand so firm? Concentration on mass work, the basic tenet that considerations of security justify the separation of different parties from each other but do not justify shutting off any organization from the masses. The Socialists had no reply to make to these tactics, except to utter constant warnings against the danger of working with the Communists. Naturally less happens in a closed corporation than in a broad mass of outspoken groups, but unfortunately the closed corporation does not offer serious op-

position to Fascism. Moreover, the revolutionary mass party can make good any losses it may suffer many times over and attract new fighters by doing good work.

Even the illegal press still carries at least as far as it did when it reached its first high point after being outlawed. This means that each individual newspaper is read much more often and its mass influence is greatly extended. The Party and its affiliated organizations are now publishing three or four hundred organs in districts, cities, boroughs, and big factories, besides the usual village, block, and occupational periodicals. Most of the district organs and the newspapers in most cities and in some of the Berlin suburbs print editions of between 2,000 and 3,000 copies and never less than 400 or 500. Besides these mechanically or photographically reduced newspapers there is also the central organ, of which as many as 10,000 copies are distributed in numerous districts. This means a total edition that is no smaller and that is certainly more widely read than the quarter of a million copies of the legal press that used to circulate.

The illegal newspapers do not appear so often. The central organ and the newspapers in the larger cities appear twice a month, most of the rest once a month, and sometimes not as often as that. But they reach almost as many people as ever. Of course, in the old days the press was not the only means of bringing socialism to the masses. There were the International Red Aid, the Freethinkers' League, the athletic organizations, and many others that have now been declared illegal and that retain only a fraction of their previous membership. But

new possibilities of influencing the discontented masses have appeared in the compulsory Fascist organizations.

Besides the Communists and the Socialists there are numerous factional groups in underground Germany—Trotskiites, Brandlerites, and the S.A.P. (Socialist Workers Party). The S.A.P. is by all odds the strongest, but, except for a very few parts of Germany, it can be said that on the whole these factional groups have no mass influence on the working class. The S.A.P. has won over many labor leaders who quit the Social Democrats. The old officials of the factional groups have remained comparatively unmolested, whereas some of the organizational heads of the Communist Party were arrested and the Socialists lost many of their leaders to Fascism or Communism. But the S.A.P. and similar organizations never did have mass support. They were composed of splinters that had broken loose from the big parties to form discussion clubs of former officials whose theory of waiting did little to harm the Fascist State and who were therefore left more or less unmolested. When a factional group in some one place publishes a newspaper, it becomes a political factor locally. But the illusion vanishes if the state suppresses it because it has no mass base and no real mass organization to fill the breach. Such a group, in contrast to a real party, becomes dead as far as the public is concerned the moment its organ ceases to appear.

IV

Social Democracy remains chief opponent of the Communist Party in underground Germany, but it does not take the form of an organized party.

No German organization regards the Socialist body at Prague as its leader, and not all the organized groups regard it even as a place to send information and material. To judge from their own works, the Socialists have hardly any permanent organizations left except in eastern and northern Saxony, Silesia, Magdeburg-Anhalt (in contrast with the Halle-Merseburg industrial district where the predominance of the Communists is greater than ever), Bavaria, Württemberg, Bremen, Schleswig-Holstein, and part of the Rhineland province. In the two most important proletarian centres, Berlin and Hamburg, it also has bases. Comparison between the confidential reports of both parties shows that the Communists have incomparably more connections in the shops and factories of Berlin and Hamburg.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that the Socialist headquarters in Prague extends its influence to these parts of Germany: the Socialist organization in Berlin, for instance, has been waging open war on Prague for months, and the district leaders in Saxony refused to distribute copies of the *Neue Vorwärts* (published in Prague) because its name recalled the old Social-Democratic *Vorwärts* and because of its attacks on the Communists. The paper's name was then changed to *Sozialistische Aktion*. Unlike the Communists, the Socialists spread most of their literature in foreign countries, and nobody will disown the group that is turning out this literature. Has new leadership appeared? The militant group is much better known abroad than in Germany, and the old adherents of the Left wing who have emigrated undoubtedly reflect the opinion of those who have re-

mained true to the Party at home but have no opportunity to create a fresh unity.

V

The Socialist 'leadership' is also generally regarded as bankrupt and is composed of a confusion of groups, large and small, who admit the bankruptcy of their Party's policy in the past but who cannot create and maintain an organization. What happened in Dresden is typical. Under torture certain party members admitted that they were harboring unmarried comrades. Apparently one must risk one's own life only to protect the father of a family.

Weak as Social Democracy is, it still possesses importance as a political tendency. Thousands of its functionaries went over to Hitler, thousands of workers and lower functionaries came to Communism. Often so many came that old members of the Communist Party feared that their organization would be 'flooded.' The Communist Central Committee had to intervene and compel former Social Democrats to be accepted as party members on an equal standing. But what became of the majority of Social-Democratic workers?

Before Hitler came into power the Social-Democratic Party had about 700,000 members. Not more than one-tenth of that number remain in some hundreds of groups that can still be called Social Democratic. Only a very few of these groups distribute illegal literature from abroad. The workers who belong to them naturally hope that the collapse of Hitler will lead to socialism. In the factories they have influence on wide masses of skilled workers.

III. BYZANTINE GERMANY

By PROFESSOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

A GERMAN chancellor who throws his vice-chancellor into prison and shoots out of hand, without show of trial, his chief of staff and high officials who the day before were his friends—such are the astonishing characteristics of a régime that claims to have reconstructed the moral unity of Germany.

Executions of this kind were witnessed long ago in Constantinople in the darkest epochs of the Byzantine Empire or the Osmanli Turks. Assuredly Europe is making progress: behold one of the greatest states, which twenty years ago was schooling the whole world in law, becoming a modest pupil in the political methods of the Turkish Empire of the seventeenth or eighteenth century.

Will the events that have been taking place in Germany at last open the eyes of the free countries? Will they make them realize that the Nazi and Fascist Governments differ from representative governments in this above all—that they are illegitimate Governments that have set out to discover a new principle of authority outside the principles of monarchy and democracy and, having failed to find it, rest on no principle of law whatever?

The heads of the Nazi Government, like the Fascists, are endeavoring to convince the world by public speeches that they have established a marvelous régime, dazzling in its novelty. But all this fine talk does little to conceal from discerning eyes the in-

curable weakness of the two régimes—the absence of any legal title, clear, precise, and recognized by the people. If we ask by whom was Germany governed twenty years ago, in 1914, the answer is, by a certain number of great and small dynasties, in whose hands power mainly rested, ruling by hereditary right, and by a certain number of parliamentary institutions that collaborated with the dynasties in government, though in a subordinate rôle.

The German people traditionally recognized the hereditary rights of the reigning families as legitimate. There was a sufficient element of freedom in the elections of parliaments to entitle them to be considered as the genuine expression of the popular will within the restricted sphere of action conceded to them. The Government, thus formed of different elements, might be pleasing or displeasing to the people, but it never occurred to anyone to doubt that all the agents of power, from the emperor, the kings, and the princes down to the humblest gendarme, had the right to fulfill the functions allotted to them as their share in the Government. Power, secure in its foundations, though its character was authoritarian and aristocratic, was not arbitrary, or violent, or sanguinary. It was the Government of a civilized people.

But what is the basis of Hitler's power? Hereditary right? But he is a little Austrian bourgeois who in the

Germany of twenty years ago would have been a mere foreigner, excluded from all public office. The will of the people? Up to the time when he came to power Hitler could never claim to represent more than half the people of Germany. As soon as he found himself in office he destroyed every means by which the people could express their opinion freely; at the present moment nobody knows what he stands for—his own will and his own hallucinations, or those of a section of the German people, and if so what section? Elections and plebiscites could legitimize his power provided they were held with some measure of freedom, but there is no trace of freedom in Germany to-day. Although it still enjoys popularity in certain social circles the National-Socialist Government cannot legitimize itself in accordance with democratic principles, for it has stifled all opposition. Legitimate democracy implies the right to oppose and, consequently, the existence of an opposition.

Unable to base its claim either on the principle of heredity or on that of democracy, the Nazi Government, like the Fascist Government, seeks to legitimize itself by making the people believe that it is capable of working miracles. It rests on mysticism or on mystification—call it which you will. The mysticism or mystification that these two governments exploit are represented by a revolution, a great revolution that was to change the face of the world. For the first time we behold the futuristic paradox of two governments claiming to establish order in the world in the name of revolution!

In Italy this desperate manœuvre of expiring absolutism has not yet pro-

duced the disastrous consequences inherent in it. The people of Italy are mild, docile, and extremely timid, but still endowed with a common sense that resists these extravagances. They have never believed in revolutions, least of all when they are proclaimed by Ministers of the Crown, decked in court dress and the insignia of the *Annunciata*. If Italy has not yet experienced the horrors of Germany, she owes that not to the intelligence of the Government but to the wisdom (unfortunately a little too passive) of her people.

In Germany, on the other hand, the great revolution was taken seriously,—the revolution that was to legitimize the power of the Nazi Government,—and the attempt to realize it has begun. To escape the consequences of the mysticism, or mystification, of revolution, Herr Hitler has perpetrated a double massacre, directed both at the Left and Right, in the hope of convincing the German people that he refuses to check the anti-capitalist revolution to secure the interests of the capitalists. Such are the quibbles by which massacre is condoned to-day in Byzantium-on-the-Spree.

II

Newspapers with conservative tendencies in all countries seek to reassure us about the future by the reflection that the Nazi régime must henceforward lean on the Reichswehr. The Reichswehr is an army of legal origin, and it is hoped that it will be a force on the side of order. But that is one more illusion. An army of from 100,000 to 150,000 men will be sufficient as a rule in a country of 60,000,000 people to support a constitutional,

legitimate state, based on clear principles of law accepted by the people. But it will be insufficient to support an unconstitutional régime resting on the hysterical popularity of a bloodthirsty braggart and on the ambiguities of revolutionary mystification, that is to say, on nothing concrete or solid. We must expect then in Germany a long period of bloodshed and convulsion, which will have a baneful influence on the whole of Europe and especially on Italy. Thanks, in part, to the prevalent distress we shall see a spirit of revolt making headway even among the Blackshirts, who up to now for a daily pittance have been content with the modest rôle of participants in official parades.

Twenty years after the War Europe finds herself in a terrible situation. That is the truth that the nations still must have the courage to grasp. Why is the situation so grave? Because certain Great Powers have governments without any legal claim, based on mystic or mystifying revolutionary principles, instead of on legal principles, clear, precise, and universally accepted. Such is the fundamental cause of Europe's distresses. It is a figment of the imagination to suppose that these illegitimate Governments, with their hatred of each other, can come to any understanding with the still normal Governments of France and England for the reëstablishment

of order and prosperity in Europe. What is order for those Powers that adopt the mystical theory of revolution is disorder for legitimate governments. So long as this lasting misunderstanding remains among the two groups of Powers, the fear of a common danger may produce *rapprochements*, transitory and essentially unstable, like the fear that causes them—but nothing more.

Europe will regain a measure of equilibrium and its old prosperity only on the day when these two great Powers, Germany and Italy, at least, have once more a constitutional government based on the principles that are recognized by all the civilized West. That return to true order will not be easy, but it may be less difficult than it appears when once public opinion in the great free states realizes that it is a matter of life and death for all countries that still call themselves civilized. Europe has been reduced to disorder by the sluggish indifference that, since 1914, has led it to regard political crises as domestic events of purely local interest. These crises, beginning with the Russian Revolution, so far from being domestic affairs of purely local interest, are calculated to drive step by step into destruction and anarchy even the wealthiest states, long accustomed though they be to free and legitimately established governments.

One of the best journalists in Argentina estimates that country's wealth and finds that nearly two-thirds of it is in foreign hands—chiefly British.

Who OWNS Argentina?

By RAÚL SCALABRINI ORTIZ

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

THE newly awakened power of national consciousness has lifted the Argentinians from their morass. They have no intellectual longing, material desire, or ambition for concrete property. They are a people animated from within by a spiritual impulse to take mystical and metaphysical possession of the world. This nation has always despised figures because it regards them as the representation of material wealth, which holds out no charms. For that reason they surrendered one right after another in order to have more time to concentrate on themselves in an optimistic process of fermentation. Foreign capitalism, with its tendency to become more and more greedy, at last routed the Argentine people from this position by forcing them to accept less and less pay for more and more work. To-day the people have halted and have begun to look back on the path they have fol-

lowed. They see that they are hemmed in on every side, but they have attained unity and complete possession of their powers. Through their youthful elements, their vanguard, they are reconnoitring the abandoned sectors that the enemy has taken over. Their knowledge of their real situation does not disturb them, and this attitude shows what a capacity for life they possess. Only nations and individuals who are weakened by old age retreat in the face of danger. Strong nations never fear to face realities.

What, then, is the true condition of the Argentine people? Sources of information have been blocked or poisoned. We need only remember that no official balance of payments has ever been published in Argentina. The only known balance is that published by the Argentine banking house of Carlos A. Tornquist, the Buenos Aires representative of London credi-

tors. This balance sheet does not list invisible exports and contains various inaccuracies, but it is published in the statistical year book of the League of Nations for want of anything better.

The first publication in this series gave the only official estimate of Argentina's national wealth. It was made in the year 1916 and came to a total of thirty-four billion paper pesos. Later estimates were based on equally optimistic and superficial foundations. In 1917 the engineer, Bunge, showed that our wealth had increased to thirty-seven billion paper pesos. In 1932 the Association of Bondholders gave the still higher figure of fifty billion pesos, including the personal property of foreigners. The fundamental question of the country remained, however, the same. How much foreign capital is invested in Argentina? What is its total yield? What proportion of the national wealth is in foreign hands? In a word, what is the real wealth of the Argentine people?

By way of contributing a little molecule of my own to this movement of national awakening I spent two years collecting, testing, and selecting material. I have not space here to go into all the details, but the most interesting thing I noticed was how cleverly the ignorance of the land has been exploited. It is incredible that such an enormous amount of capital could have penetrated the country, conquered the key positions in every branch of production, and then simply vanished. For it is not even known how much foreign capital remains in undertakings, such as public utilities, that appear to be controlled by the Government. It is not known how much capital came into the country

by way of the banks and how much was sent abroad before the foreign exchange was subjected to control. And even to-day it has never been publicly revealed how much capital is being dammed up in the country each year for lack of foreign exchange to provide for transfer. The only important fact that is made known is the yearly balance of trade, which is almost always favorable on account of Argentina's exports of raw materials.

To reckon the debit column in the Argentine balance sheet, that is to say how much property is wholly or partly in foreign hands, primarily in the hands of Englishmen and North Americans, I have based my figures on the official estimates of personal property in the year 1914, on the latest figures given out by private industry, on various individual publications, and on certain probabilities that can be arrived at mathematically on the basis of the growth of capital, population, bank deposits, business activity, and so forth. After careful testing that reduced the possibility of error or exaggeration to the minimum, I concluded that the total foreign investments in every branch of economic life amounted to 12,155 million pesos, most of it in English hands.

This nominal capital does not represent the actual amount of money invested. The original investments multiplied three and four times over with unheard-of rapidity. Enjoying immunity from the law, they were able to increase at such rates because of the profits that the exploitation of Argentine resources and labor yielded.

The capital invested in the country in the form of loans includes 32 per cent of the mortgages issued by the Banco Hipotecario Nacional, or 531,-

203,334 pesos; 50 per cent of the private mortgages, or 2,148,105,140 pesos; and 80.24 per cent of the total public debt, or 4,439,213,493 pesos—a total of 7,118 million pesos. When we add to this sum the 12,155 million pesos that are invested in the country, the total claim of foreign capital comes to the respectable sum of 19,273 million pesos, a figure that certainly falls far short of the real total, since the big industrial and railway enterprises also possess real estate of every kind the value of which is not known. Moreover, the above figure comes to little more than the 15,233 million pesos which the Department of Commerce of the United States estimated in 1930 to be the total value of foreign capital in the Argentine.

These 19,273 millions therefore do not answer the question of what proportion of Argentina's national wealth lies in foreign hands. But a very profound study in the *Revista de Estadística Municipal* based on the financial statements of 925 different corporations estimates the proportion between the paid-in capital and the assets of these corporations at 1 to 2.0088. If we multiply 12,155 million pesos, the total estimated value of all foreign investments, by this figure we find that the real assets of foreign capital in the Argentine amount to 24,417 millions, and if we further include the loans of 7,118 million pesos we find that all foreign claims come to 31,536 million pesos. Accepting the figure of 50 billion pesos as the total national wealth of the country, we find that of this 50 billions only 18,464 millions, or not much more than one-third, are in the hands of the Argentine people. The War Ministry

estimates the population at fourteen millions. The wealth of the Argentine therefore amounts to 1,318 pesos *per capita*, or \$285 at the present rate of exchange. The Argentine people are therefore among the poorest in the world. The myth on which our optimism used to rest has vanished.

The figures on which these estimates are based cover the years 1930 and 1931 and the beginning of 1932. Since then property values have declined steadily, and for 1932 alone the engineer, Bunge, working for the Academy of Economic Science, estimated the drop at 1.1 billion pesos.

This dance of figures lies far from the interests of the people, who feel their weight even though they do not know what each individual figure means. They feel the figures pressing down on them, surrounding them from every side, driving them out of their own country, turning them into serfs who must work for the well-being and happiness of others. They feel something throttling them and making a nation of helots out of a free people proud of its freedom. Thus it has come to pass that a nation that exports food suffers from hunger, for the Argentine people have learned to know what hunger means.

II

The Argentine state was built by liberal politicians who had been exiled during the dictatorship of General Rosas. When they came into power in 1853 they saw that their most important task was to make the sparsely populated Argentine resemble the superb Europe that they knew. In order to get the capital they needed for their task they created a state

that laid itself out to attract capital investments. To obtain English capital and provide it with cheap labor immigration was encouraged, and, to prevent any disturbances, the ignorant native population was educated and thus won over to the state. In a word, the state made capital an advantageous offer. Foreign capital was given complete freedom to do business, sign contracts, buy, sell, rent, and lease, hire and fire workers, acquire and thus destroy everything.

English capital accepted the invitation eagerly and made a point of winning the support of the leading citizens. Loans were made to the independent people, who were thus brought into a position of dependence. Those who could be bought were bribed, and thus capital was guaranteed a 9 per cent return and never submitted to any kind of control. Since 1853 the history of Argentina has been the history of the invasion of the English. It went forward almost noiselessly, with overpowering force. The crisis that began in 1929 changed the picture. The country did not want any more new capital. On the contrary, it wanted to exclude capital and demanded protection.

Against the advice of experienced financiers, who advised a protective moratorium on foreign debts, the Government considered it a question of honor to fulfill its interest payments, which came to 45 per cent of the national revenue according to an announcement made by the minister of commerce before Parliament in June 1933. To prevent a currency collapse, the Government had controlled the gold in the central bank of issue, all of which belonged to the holders of bank notes. But the country's eagerness to

pay its interest charges out of its gold reserves caused the paper currency to decline. Domestic loans paying 6 per cent interest, which had sold at 90.64 on the New York Stock Exchange in January 1931, had fallen to 39.10 by June 1932. Anyone who bought Argentine securities at that time received 17.9 per cent interest. The Government called it a matter of honor to bleed the people white by slow degrees. In order to finance interest payments, which the fall of the currency had increased, new taxes had to be levied and tariffs had to be raised. The total burden that the exhausted Argentine nation had to bear rose from 770 million pesos in 1931 to 885 million in 1932.

But foreign capital did not have to contribute anything. It could continue to function without handicaps. It did not need to pay any tax on fuel and most of its material entered the country duty free. It had to pay almost no taxes itself and thus avoided having to carry any of the burden. In order to protect foreign capital from the new capital tax, which was the one thing that brought in a substantial yield, this tax was levied on the individual and not on the capital or the corporation. The English stockholder still received his dividends unimpaired.

The country itself then began making stronger, louder demands. Some people advocated confiscating the refrigeration plants, since their capital value came to hardly more than 200 million pesos, a sum that could easily be raised by a country that spends more than 800 million pesos maintaining a useless bureaucracy. But the course that the Government pursued did not run parallel to the course that the people wanted. On the contrary.

As if there were not already a whole constellation of experts in Argentina, the Government invited an English expert, Sir Otto Niemeyer, to study the country's finances and tax system. Sir Otto Niemeyer advised putting the Argentine currency in the control of a central bank based on private capital, for in the Argentine private capital means the same thing as English or North American capital. Sir Otto then told the English stockholders that the measures to control the currency would be advantageous and not harmful to them.

The whole country raged against the railroads and their exorbitant rates, but the Government moved in the opposite direction. A fund for building new roads was consigned to resurfacing pleasure drives and not to building new commercial highways parallel to the railroads or direct to the ports. Thus the Government avoided competing with the railroads.

III

National unrest reached its climax when Dr. Guillermo Leguizamón, chairman of the board of the English Ferrocarril Gran Oeste Argentino, Argentina's western railway, was named chief advisor and factotum on a special commission dispatched to London. Whose interests did Dr. Leguizamón represent, the interests of England, from which he had always received pay, or of Argentina? The people took this as an ill omen, and matters became worse when the negotiations began.

A British representative in Parliament declared that Argentina was actually an economic colony and that it would be best to incorporate it

openly in the British Empire. In sentences filled with adulation of England Dr. Leguizamón expressed his gratitude at a banquet for the '800 million pounds sterling that England has invested in the Argentine.' The Buenos Aires newspapers tried to keep silent, but the episode could not help becoming known, and therefore they decided to express indignation. 'We received a detailed account of this surprising revelation, but it seemed better to us not to print it,' said the *Prensa* on February 12, 1933. Its leading article closed with the sentence: 'The idea is insupportable that we should be made the economic and political subjects of another country.'

These words had a fine ring, but the people gradually understood that figures could not be talked out of existence. Moreover, the same newspapers also explained that the incorporation of Argentina in the British Empire had 'been very earnestly advocated by outstanding English figures in the world of British politics and finance.' What would happen as a result of everything that had been going on behind the people's backs for years? The people waited.

And then the facts came out when the treaty with England was published. Its concrete, detailed provisions could have been carried out only by force of arms. England ridiculed Argentina's sovereignty and undertook to take complete control of the country. According, for instance, to section 5A of this unholy treaty the Argentine refrigeration plants in the hands of English and North American capital were in the future to be in no way subject to the Argentine Government. The British Government would decide how many animals should be

stored in each, and thus the whole Argentine meat market would be shifted to the complete control of the British. But the most insane provision of all was that, in the same paragraph, forbidding the Argentine nation or Argentine private capital to build refrigeration plants that could store a total of more than 15 per cent of the meat of the country and permitting private Argentine capital to be invested in refrigeration plants only where there was no intention of earning a profit. It is hardly believable that a nation of business men like the English could have dictated these statements and that an Argentine citizen could have signed them.

IV

Argentina's cup of bitterness overflowed on December 28, 1933. A revolution broke out led by Colonel Francisco Bosch, one of the most capable officers in the army. Twenty regiments of the line participated. It did not break out everywhere, since it had been betrayed, but it was suppressed with difficulty. Nobody knows how many people were killed, but estimates run into the thousands. This revolution had the support of wide masses of people who still respected the spirit of Don Hipólito Irigoyen. With them began a national movement that expressed the true situation of the country. They planned the immediate repudiation of all treaties concluded after September 6, 1930, and the dismissal from office of all individuals who had or had had any connection with foreign capital. The rest was to come later.

This act of national self-assertion was smothered, but the issue has at

last been drawn. On one side stands the whole nation, the whole people without distinction as to rank or class. On the other stand the English and North American capitalists and their local representatives, who are anxiously organizing themselves, allying themselves to the Government, protecting themselves, and hoping to divert the outburst of national passion against the innocent, defenseless new immigrants, who work side by side with the natives.

In the long run, however, English capital will itself bring about the downfall of all its Argentine representatives. At present, for instance, the local representatives of the London creditors, faced with an aroused national consciousness, would gladly call a halt and allow the storm to abate, but the power of greed is too strong. The last bit of wealth that the Argentine people still possess is in danger, and negotiations are now under way concerning the sale of the petroleum reserves.

The instinctively nationalistic oil policy of President Irigoyen was one of his chief merits. Petroleum was the sole form of wealth that the state protected and that was preserved for the people from the danger of foreign exploitation. Not till after 1930 did the petroleum companies begin to establish themselves. Then their local representatives became ministers, mayors, and deputies, and their concessions multiplied. While the state petroleum wells increased their production from 872,000 cubic metres in 1929 to 902,000 in 1932, production from wells controlled by private foreign companies increased from 620,000 to 1,186,000 cubic metres in the same period.

The North American Standard Oil Company controls almost all the private concessions. England has not yet interested itself in the petroleum question, but it is observing. It is working behind the scenes, spreading its net, and, according to recent newspaper dispatches, is preparing to gather a rich harvest. For the Royal Dutch Company has been negotiating with the Argentine Government concerning the purchase, for a few million pounds sterling, of the entire petroleum district still owned by the State. In this way the Royal Dutch would gain control of over 4,000 wells in the Argentine.

Urgent as the situation is, it has become less dangerous. The enemy has been localized, and nothing but open struggle is now possible. The youth of the Argentine can confront the English and their followers and toadies with a proud nationalism and a will to freedom. The truth does not ashame or terrify us because we are a young

nation. Our credulity has been imposed on, but we have faith in ourselves, in the spiritual unity and will to live of the Argentine people. We will make good the mistakes that we did not make and will reconquer what has been stolen from us.

In 1806 and 1807 two well-armed British expeditions that were big enough to conquer the city of Buenos Aires attacked it. On both occasions they were driven off by a civilian population that was hardly twice as numerous as the attacking troops. English merchants, however, have completed the work that their soldiers could not accomplish.

Anyone who believes that the keen national spirit of the people of the Argentine has been dulled is mistaken. At the beginning of the last century Argentina took the lead in freeing all of South America, and the young people of Argentina know that to-day again a hundred million South Americans await their call.

A young New Zealander, imprisoned by the Japanese for radical activities, tells of his adventures in a jail that sounds worthy of these United States.

Third Degree *in* JAPAN

By WILLIAM MAXWELL BICKERTON

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

THE inhuman treatment in the police cells, while of course not aimed specifically at me, nevertheless is calculated to break the spirit of any prisoner. I was confined in a cell measuring 12 feet by 5½, in which there were never less than nine, and sometimes as many as fourteen, other prisoners. Among my cell mates were three insane persons at different times, all of them raving. During the twenty-four days of my confinement I was never allowed to have a bath. Prisoners must sit with their legs crossed all day. No exercise is allowed. I was given three meals per day, consisting in all cases of bread and jam with cold milk, for which I paid 10 sen. The brutality of the jailers is beyond imagination. I was not beaten by them, but the almost daily sight of other prisoners being stripped and beaten with sticks till their backs were a row of weals or kicked till they could not stand up—

and all for very minor infringements of discipline—was hard to bear.

In prison, conditions as I experienced them were very different, and I have no complaints to make, except, of course, to say that the food is not suitable for Europeans. The jailers were all decent to me, and the one especially in charge of me, Io, could not have been more kind.

In the preliminary hearing of my case, Judge Tokuda afforded me every kindness, and I have no complaints to make—except to say that when I told him how the police had beaten me he displayed not the slightest interest.

The police examination was conducted by two plain-clothes police officers named Ogasawara and Suga. It took place at police headquarters.

During the second day's examination (on March 14) Ogasawara remarked that I had probably heard tales of police torture from my Left-

wing friends but that I would see for myself they were untrue as I would never be forced to say anything. The next morning the chief of the Foreign Section of the Police Headquarters came into the room and said, 'I hear that you want to see the Consul or a lawyer.' I answered, 'Yes.' He then stated that until I had answered all their questions I could not see either the Consul or a lawyer. If there were any points of law I wanted to be made clear, he would always be glad to explain them. In any case, he concluded, he had already spoken about my case to the Consul.

The fourth examination was on Monday, March 19. It began about 11 A.M. At about 6 P.M. Ogasawara said that if I would admit giving the money to Matsumoto, we could then go on to investigate my motive for giving it. He went on talking for about half an hour; I let him talk. Suddenly he said, 'Now what was your motive?' I realized the trap and said vehemently, 'As I never gave the money, how can I have had a motive?' He exchanged incredulous glances with Suga and said, 'Half an hour ago you admitted giving it. We both saw you nod your head. How could we be discussing motives otherwise?'

II

When finally they saw that I maintained my denial, they went on to another point and worked out with me how I spent my monthly salary of 565 yen. After writing down all items there was still a surplus of about two hundred yen, which I did not know how I spent. Ogasawara wrote down the figures 200 yen on paper, telling me to stare at them until I remem-

bered. For some minutes I stared at the figures in silence in spite of their demands for an answer. Then Suga lost his temper and stamped on my toes. When I winced, he said, 'Oh! So you are a human being after all; you can feel pain. Then answer.' My continued silence caused him to start kicking me on the leg, smacking my face, and punching me on the ear. Finally, turning to Ogasawara, he said, 'It's no use being gentle with this beast (*chikusbo*),' and going out of the room soon returned with a baseball bat. 'It's six years since I used this. I'm a bit out of practice,' he smiled. He made me sit up straight on the chair, asked the question once more, and when I did not answer gave me a crack across both legs above the knee with the bat. The question was repeated again and again, each time with a blow on the legs or thigh. Suga continued to hit me half-heartedly for some time, until finally they finished up the day's examination at about 8:30 P.M.

The first part of the next examination was plain sailing, being a statement of family circumstances, ideas, growth of interest in the Japanese revolutionary movement, the publication of a volume of my translations of Japanese proletarian stories by Martin Lawrence, and so forth. About 5 P.M. the assistant chief gave instructions to carry right on till he came back from dinner.

About 9 P.M. Suga discovered, among papers seized from my house, a translation, from *Sekki* (the *Red Flag*), in my handwriting, of the confession of an agent-provocateur. 'Is this *tsusbin*?' asked Ogasawara. Not realizing for the moment how strong the word '*tsusbin*' (a report, especially one sent

by a correspondent) was, I answered, 'Yes.' He wrote that down, and then followed a storm of questions. 'Whom did I send these reports to?' . . . 'What papers were they published in?' . . . 'Did I get paid for the work?' . . . 'How many times had I sent these reports since September . . . twenty, fifteen, ten, nine, eight, seven, six?' I was so tired and weak I could hardly speak. I begged them to stop the examination for that night, but they repeated their threats of keeping me all night . . . of giving me some 'massage' . . . of calling in stronger men.

At last I answered at random, 'Six times,' and he gave me a pencil to write down details of each 'report.' I said I could not remember the details, so Suga kicked me, smacked my face, punched me many times to help my memory, so he said. When the beating left me only more sullen, Ogasawara said he would promise to stop the examination for the night if I would just give the address of the person I sent the reports to in England. I gave an address, which he wrote down, and then I stood up to go home. 'Oh, no, not yet. I only said I would not press that point any more to-night. Now we go on to another point.' This was the only time during the whole examination that I felt absolutely desperate.

They then began pressing me as to who had given me *Sekki*. About this time the assistant chief, in kimono, came back. They reported satisfactory progress. He gave them permission to finish up for the night when I had answered who had given me the paper. He said to me, 'Come on, don't waste time, anything will do as long as it's an answer. Where did you get

Sekki from? Man, woman, boy, girl, dog, cat; picked up in the street?' Like a hypnotized person I answered, 'Man.' . . . 'A Japanese man?' . . . 'Yes.' . . . 'His name?' . . . 'I can't tell.' . . . 'All right, write that down; that will do for to-night.'

He then came over to me and half affectionately, half-threateningly, curled his arm around my neck saying, 'You are a decent chap in many ways. I wonder when you'll say the name. It was Matsumoto, was n't it?' I did not answer, and he continued, 'I'm afraid these methods alone won't get it out of you. We'll have to get someone to give you some of this,' and playfully he pretended to throttle me, uttering a strange sound of 'Gurr, gurr' each time he jerked his arm. Then he took some paper from his kimono sleeve and kindly wiped my greasy face, as he said to the others, 'We'll have to get that other fellow (*aitsu*) to string him up from the roof and give him something, and then perhaps he'll talk.'

The next day there was no examination, but on Thursday, March 22, when I was brought to headquarters, I told Ogasawara that I wanted to retract what I had said at the last examination, as my brain had been so confused that I had let myself be persuaded into saying anything. He answered that I could not do that. A proof that my brain was not confused, he said, was that on that night I still denied the important things. However, he allowed me to retract certain statements.

On Friday, March 23, after the British Consul had seen me, Suga looked extremely uncomfortable. He said I was the most selfish person he had ever known, always considering my-

self, never considering them, and talking a lot of rubbish to the Consul. But the atmosphere was noticeably changed. About 3 P.M. the assistant chief sent in three dishes of *mitsumame* (beans and jelly) for us, and before 5 P.M. he said we could stop the examination for that day.

III

About noon on March 24 the examination was resumed by Ogasawara and Suga. The former said to me, 'To-day is Saturday, so we shall just clear up one point, and then you can have a shave and go back to your Kojimachi home' (the police station). The point to be cleared up was who had given me *Sekki*. I said I could never tell because that would be betraying a friend. At 3:30 P.M. we were still at the same point, but the examination was transferred to the chief's spacious room, as he had gone home. They said they were both tired and wanted to get home to their families, but it was obvious that the assistant chief had told them they must get an answer first. I could think of no more arguments to justify my refusal, so the atmosphere soon became tense. Suga went out of the room and came back with a bamboo fencing stick (*shinai*). Ogasawara locked the door and pulled down the blinds. Suga started whacking me with the stick across both legs above the knees. 'From whom did you get them?' The question was repeated without any variations by both of them so many times that I thought something would snap in my mind. When Suga spoke they made me turn my head to the right to face him when I answered, and when Ogasawara spoke I had to face him. Each time

they asked the question Suga beat me. He raised the stick above his head and brought it down with force. He always brought the stick down in the same place, and I could not help wincing. During one lull I said to Ogasawara, 'You said in front of the Consul yesterday that you never hit me, but what are you doing now?' But he gave no answer. As the blows were renewed my voice gave out, and I just sat silent. Finally at 5:15 P.M. by the clock in the room, Suga sat down almost in a state of collapse. He shouted almost incoherently, 'It's no good, it's no good. I can't get anything out of this brute.' At 5:30 P.M. supper came. They ate theirs in a separate room from me. Then apparently they rang up the assistant chief and got permission to go home, and I arrived back at the Kojimachi police station about 7 P.M. The next day both my legs were sore and bruised.

On Tuesday, March 27, I was brought face to face with a witness named Toshi Otsu. She said she knew me, but I denied knowing her. As the assistant chief led her out of the room, he gave me two ringing smacks across the face. I do not wish to exaggerate, but, really, a little later when I was left alone with Ogasawara and Suga, they were both almost in a frenzy of rage. All the old threats and abuse were hurled at me again. Suga almost danced on my toes. He got his baseball bat and just hammered me on the right leg and thigh. He got me by the hair and banged my head again and again against a cupboard. They shouted again and again, 'You do know her; you do know her,' as Suga beat me. The pain in the leg was intense as he kept hitting in the same place as he had hit me on the Saturday, but I re-

remained silent. Finally he threw himself on a chair exhausted and said, 'He's too much for me, the beast.'

A message came that the chief wanted to see me. He put before me two alternatives: if I admitted everything, probably I could get off with deportation; if I admitted nothing, I should have to be indicted and spend at least a year in prison awaiting trial, during which time I would not be permitted to communicate with anyone. I asked for the day to consider my decision.

Next morning I determined to make a special effort to see the Consul. The right leg was swollen, but I tried not to limp, so that they would not suspect how bad it was. Ogasawara said the chief was waiting for my answer. I parried by saying that I wanted to see the Consul first as my answer might vary after I had consulted him. This was not allowed, so I answered that I admitted nothing.

Shortly afterwards the chief came into the room and said that he was not refusing to let me see the Consul but that he wanted first to know my reason for wanting to see him. I put forward various ones, all of which were deemed inadequate. I realized that they were not going to let me see him in my present state, so when he

said, 'Is there no other reason?' I answered, 'Yes, there is. I wanted to ask him also whether according to Japanese law the police have the right to use force in their examination.' The assistant chief, Ogasawara, and Suga were all present. Their faces wore the same expression of indignation as when I brought up the same subject in front of the Consul. They all wanted to speak at once.

The chief said that he could answer my question without my asking the Consul. He explained that force (*bor-yoku*) should not be used but that men were not gods and police officers were men. When the prisoner was extremely obstinate and refused to admit obvious known facts, the detectives naturally became tired and might on occasion lose their tempers. If such things had happened to me, I was partly responsible.

Several times during the chief's explanation of the law Ogasawara interrupted with the caution: 'Remember, the chief is not admitting you were beaten; he is only giving a hypothetical case.' 'I quite realize that,' I answered.

When I finally met the Consul at the court, it was exactly two weeks after the last beating, and the bruises had gone.

Persons and Personages

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT

By JEAN FAYARD

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE Grand Prize of Literature is supposed to go to a writer, and for once the French Academy that awards it has passed by the dukes, the scientists, and the statesmen and has made the happy choice of Henry de Montherlant. The chief competitor of the author of *Les Célibataires* was also an authentic writer, but, since Guy de Pourtalès missed out this year, he now becomes a serious candidate for next year's award.

Each century two or three privileged spirits receive from the gods the gift of being able to write. They include such men as Chateaubriand, Michelet, and Barrès. It makes little difference what thesis they defend, what story they tell, what kind of dada lyrics they may write—the reader follows his guide up hill and down dale. You can open their books anywhere, and they always read like a passage in an anthology; they never fail to show their true colors. And I believe that this can be said of Montherlant's *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*.

Until recently, however, until the publication of *Les Célibataires*, Montherlant seemed to have more of a gift for personal lyricism than for objective studies. In spite of their formal familiar beauties the two volumes of *Olympiques*, for instance, could not fail to irritate anyone who engages in sport or is familiar with it. What we like in athletic competition is the story of a battle, a simple, unadorned tale reduced to its essential elements. In competing on the athletic field, as in every form of competition, man simplifies himself. It is the war of one machine against another, of a tactical idea against superior force, or of will power against some physical defect. That is all. Durand, who looks beaten, pulls his courage together and seizes victory from Dupont. It is the story of Waterloo or of the fifteen-hundred-metre Olympic run. For that reason, all real sport lovers prefer Obey's tranquil descriptions, which are objective and apparently cold, to the astonishment of Montherlant.

And then one encounters heresies. Anybody who has seen women racing cannot understand Montherlant's exalted description of the three-hundred-metre champion. The æsthetics of movement, like sculpture, have certain absolute canons. It is as impossible to compare Mlle X, who runs without any style at all, to Abrahams as it would be to put Bartholomé on the same plane with Rodin.

This was not true of *Les Bestiaires*. Bullfights belong to opera and literature. But Montherlant's masterpiece, a book I prefer to *Songe*, to *La Relève au matin*, and to *Mors et Vita*, is beyond doubt *Le Chant funèbre pour les morts de Verdun*. It is homage worthy of the survivor of that epic who is himself carried away by its epical qualities. Like Barrès, whom he regards so highly and who, in turn, esteemed Chateaubriand, Montherlant has searched for himself since that time and has done so by writing. Here, unquestionably, is the essential quality of the man of letters: he is able to think only with his pen in his hand. If he writes *Mors et Vita* and *Aux Fontaines du désir*, it is in order to possess a more precise knowledge of the way his fountain pen works. And his pen serves as the balance between opposing paroxysms—God and atheism, desire and charity, action and contemplation, resignation to death and the life of a soldier, the passion for prudence and the passion for heroism. It is in this respect, I believe, that Montherlant resembles Chateaubriand more than Barrès did. Readers of *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* were surprised to come upon reflections that they never suspected to discover in this author, if they knew him personally.

All the intimate friends of Barrès, on the other hand, felt that he surpassed his work, that he existed outside his books, and that he judged them from a higher level. He hardly attached as much importance to them as we do to our most serious actions. Once they have been performed they are detached from ourselves and can live their own life in the world. But I have the feeling that, when Montherlant wants to know what he should think about death or lust, he opens one of his own books and says: 'Let's see what Montherlant has written about it.'

This essentially subjective writer, for the respectable purpose of renewing himself and conquering new country, has just published a novel-novel through which move characters very different from the author, a 'pure novel' as people used to say, a novel in which only the inescapable 'Bovaryism' ties the writer to the creations of his spirit.

Les Célibataires begins like a novel of Balzac's, as everyone perceived, and it represents something more than a game. It marks Montherlant's desire to do something else and to conform to the rules of a traditional genre. The two sad heroes of that book, M. de Coëtquidan and M. de Coantré, belong to the fauna typical of a novel of manners—a '*Comédie humaine*.' It is their very mediocrity that makes them remarkable; it is their wretchedness, their poverty, their laziness, their impotence that makes them heroes. Charles Bovary and Baron Hulot were men of their stamp.

The author has happily refrained from telling us his purpose in a preface. Was he obeying some philosophic preoccupation, or did he take pleasure in the narrative for its own sake? Was he trying to fix for all

time in deeply engraved lines real people that he had met somewhere, was he amusing himself by offering them immortality in the form of a literary type? Possibly. But since Montherlant had already determined the lines that his work should follow, it is easier to imagine that he reached a certain point in the curve of his career.

Above all else, we find in that book a realistic and ferocious description of impotence. M. de Coëtquidan and M. de Coantré are both products of honorable, noble families. Some members of these families have preserved their fortunes. These two, however, are the incarnation of impotence in every domain. They are 'celibates' not only because they have not married, because they will have no descendants to prolong their line, because no profound reason compels them to be altruistic. They are 'absolute' celibates. One of them is a virgin of sixty-eight; the other, animated by a vague desire, wanders through Paris on a nocturnal pilgrimage. He is frightened of audacious women and does not dare make up to the modest ones. He therefore finds himself still harassed at dawn, unsatisfied, but with his senses half asleep. This is the finest passage in a successful book. The reader receives a bitter but very just, very pertinent vision of our capital, without any literary inflation. It is revealed in its popular aspects from the square where the housewives come for gossip to the Boulevard Arago at dawn, and we pass through the wearying turbulence of the boulevards and the sordid cafés of Montmartre. An atmosphere worthy of Baudelaire floats above this pessimistic, everyday Paris.

Our futile landowners have never done anything, they have led a vain existence with their mediocre passions for cats and postage stamps and billiards. By way of revenge, they are incapable of thinking or acting. No doubt, we shall get in time the counterpart of this pessimistic novel—an exaltation of action that will stand out in contrast to this disease of impotence. But there is no clear sign that such a book is on the way. *Les Célibataires* ends with a copious appendix entitled: 'Works to consult on Henry de Montherlant.' One regrets that the man of letters appears after effacing himself so completely in the presence of his characters.

WHAT does Henry de Montherlant want? I talked to him not long ago, and he convinced me that literature was his only preoccupation. He was preparing for his official reception at the Sorbonne and his officious reception at the French Academy. I talked to him about the events of February 6 and of the necessity that imposed itself on everyone to-day to take sides.

'Does n't active politics tempt you?' I inquired.

'No, I am entirely absorbed by the literary message that I must

deliver. Possibly my books create currents in one direction or another, and often that is what I want. It is because I have fixed a line of conduct that I have deferred publication of *La Rose de sable*. Living in North Africa convinced me that our system of colonization was not all for the best. I felt regret when I saw English sailors behaving correctly in a colonial port, whereas the French sailors got drunk the moment they landed. We do not attach enough importance to exterior bearing, which is the making of great peoples. Moreover, I know England very well, having spent some of my youth there and received a Franco-English education. I shall show that side of my formation later.

'I am generally considered a "reactionary." I don't know whether this description fits me, since I do not like to make an appearance in public places. As I conceive it, the mission of a writer takes a different form.'

That is a noble conception, but is n't it out of date in an epoch so rich in events as our own? Is n't it necessary to take sides on certain precise issues? Should n't the man of action from time to time take precedence over the author and act in accordance with his reflexes as an individual? It seems to me, however, that Montherlant's idea is different. He intends to remain above all else a man of letters.

SCHLEICHER'S LAST WORDS

By A PERSONAL FRIEND

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE last time I saw General von Schleicher was in March, 1933. He had just been jockeyed out of office and out of the big chance he undoubtedly had of bringing, for a time at least, order to Germany and peace to Europe. As we walked along the shores of the Wannsee on that bright, snappy spring morning, he told me just how it had come to pass.

'When, at the end of last year, President Hindenburg entrusted me with office, I knew I must above all things relegate Hitler to the obscurity to which he belonged and from which he had risen rung by rung up the ladder of inefficiency and cowardice of the Republican leaders.

'You know what my position was. I have stated it in public. I am not a capitalist; neither am I an anti-capitalist. But I realized that there was something foully rotten in our economic system, and in my heart of hearts I was—and still am—convinced that Socialism is coming in our time. My task was to see to it that, when it does come, it should come as decorously as possible, and be as civilized a kind of Socialism as possible.

'I am a soldier and I believe in the army, but as a means of ensuring national security, not as a political instrument. You cannot govern with bayonets for more than a very short period. You cannot govern against the working classes; you cannot, in the long run, govern without them.

'My aim was to found the Social Reich, with a government based on the masses, for the benefit of the masses. Such a government must be strong, and above all things it must be honest. And it can only be strong in the measure that it is honest.

'Now we had one evil scandal in Germany, the so-called *Ost Hilfe* affair. Millions had been voted for the distressed peasantry of our eastern marches. These millions had flowed into the pockets of greedy landlords. They used them to buy up new estates, and the peasants got none of the money. It was essential to stop this scandal, to punish the robbers, and thus to give the masses a striking proof of the strength and honesty of the Government.

'I announced a stringent inquiry into the *Ost Hilfe* scandal. The evidence was overwhelming. I calculated that it would produce a landslide at the elections. As for Hitler, I was not afraid of him. The November polls had seen his vote fall by two millions. Honest elections in March under my programme would have taken away another three million votes from him. His was a game of bluff, and in my opinion he had lost. Then Herr von Papen took a hand in the game. Papen was one of my oldest friends. Though I was repeatedly warned against him, I thought I could rely on his personal loyalty to myself. He proved to be the kind of traitor beside whom Judas Iscariot is a saint!

'My collaborators, who trusted him not at all, had him watched, and it was thus that I—and thereafter the world—learned of Papen's secret interview with Hitler in Baron von Schroeder's villa early in January.

'I immediately sent for Papen. I did not beat about the bush. I put the following questions to him:—

"In the name of our old friendship I adjure you to be frank with me. What does this Hitler interview mean? What intrigue does it portend?"

'Papen took my hand and shook it, looked straight into my eyes, and replied: "Kurt, in the name of our old friendship and on my word of honor as an officer and as a man, I swear to you that I will never undertake or sanction any move whatever against you or against a government of which you are the head."

'I was fool enough to believe him. I went on with my preparations for the coming fight. I established cordial relations with the most influential trade-union leaders, with the Christian trade unions, with Gregor Strasser and the Labor wing of the National Socialists, with Leipart and

other leaders of the Social-Democratic trade unions. And when I was ready I went to President Hindenburg and said: "Dissolve the Reichstag. I will answer for the consequences. There will be a working majority for law, order, and honesty." To my amazement the old President bluntly told me he would not dissolve parliament, but that he accepted my resignation—a resignation I had not offered or indeed dreamed of offering. I remonstrated. Hindenburg snapped out a reference—which I could not understand at the time—to my having made a mess of the Reichswehr and turned his back on me.

'The Junkers had taken alarm at my determination to expose the *Ost Hilfe* scandal. Papen, who had sold himself to Hitler, persuaded them that the only way to prevent that exposure was to make Hitler chancellor. They in their turn helped him to convince the old President. To drive their argument home they told him an infamous lie: that I had planned a *coup d'état* with the help of the Reichswehr.

'I found myself in the position of an army commander who has carefully laid his plans for an offensive, even fixed zero hour, and who, an hour before zero hour, has his guns and ammunition taken from him by G.H.Q. There was only one thing for me to do: to go. There is only one thing for me to do now: to wait. The German people are too great to be utterly ruined by an hysterical barbarian such as Hitler. I have an unshakable faith in the German people.'

THERE is surely little that can be usefully added to this *apologia pro vita mea*. Though Kurt von Schleicher was already then ravaged by a grave and insidious disease, he never despaired. Three days before his assassination I was talking in Paris with a man who had his especial confidence. This man told me that Schleicher firmly believed the time had now come for action. He outlined to me the situation and what he conceived to be the remedy: a short period of military rule and then the Social Reich just as Schleicher had painted it for me during that walk along the Wannsee. He sketched out Schleicher's programme in foreign affairs: a policy of peace—Germany's return to the League of Nations—her acceptance of the present frontiers in Europe subject to her right under Article 19 of the League Covenant to seek redress by peaceful means—a close understanding with England, France, and Russia with the sole aim of preserving peace. These were not empty words. He had sought and found touch with influential French statesmen; his only request, and that had in principle been agreed to, was the return to Germany of some of her lost colonies. A small price indeed to pay for the certainty of peace.

I told this friend of Schleicher's: 'But Hitler must be well aware of what is going on. Are you not afraid for Schleicher?'

'They will not dare touch him,' was the reply.

But they did dare. He died a soldier's death resisting a capture that he well knew meant the kind of 'suicide' with which recent German history has made us familiar. And beside him his wife, a fine woman, who had been at his side throughout, full of encouragement and sympathy. I am no German. I am no soldier. I do not share Kurt von Schleicher's political views. But I take off my hat to a gallant gentleman who died trying to save the peace of Europe.

HEROES OF JAPAN

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE torpedo-boat destroyer *Tomodzuru* was caught while taking part in its first trip in combined manœuvres with the flagship *Tatsuta* and the torpedo-boat destroyer *Chidori* in a squall outside the Sasebo naval base. Some defect in its construction made it unable to ride out the rough sea. The *Tomodzuru* capsized, imprisoning seventy members of its crew in a floating steel coffin. The shipwreck occurred on March 12 at four in the morning. Of the one hundred and thirteen men who made up the complete crew of the destroyer, only thirteen were saved. Three men had been recovered alive on the afternoon of March 13 and ten more the next morning.

The agony of their comrades who had been trapped like mice in different parts of the little vessel was terrible. They all knew they had no hope. What thoughts assailed all these men at this time, men whose youthfulness seemed a constant defiance of death?

Read what follows and learn that the Japanese sailors are worthy brothers of the Breton corsairs and of their secular enemies, the British seamen. One of them, named Tanaka, wrote the following farewell on the bulkhead of the cabin where the sounding instruments were kept: 'The ship suddenly lurched to port and capsized. Did my best to prevent the water from leaking in. May his Imperial Majesty live ten thousand years. 6:40 A.M. Tanaka-Takeo, first-class seaman.'

A clerk in the quartermaster department traced these lines inside the hull: 'Inouye will be lost with his ship, which capsized at 4:30 A.M. I did my best to localize the water that poured in, first in the outer compartment and then in the second one. But the water gained on us. The moment has come to die for the Empire.'

Hagihara is the father of a baby, and he remembers it at the supreme hour: 'My thoughts turn to my child. But all of us are about to die joyfully, 5:30 A.M.'

Shigenobu thinks of his beloved mother, but only to say to her: 'Son of a samurai of the country of Nippon. Dear mother, you can live tranquilly because your son Shigenobu has done all that it was in his power to do for . . .'

Watanabe, a second-class seaman, leaves these words on the door of the storeroom: 'An hour and a half have already passed since the catastrophe, and we have not seen the slightest indication that anyone is coming to our aid. Everybody here is very calm. Our lives being consecrated to our Emperor and to the country, we are ready . . .' Death overtook him before he had finished the sentence.

Here is the testament of another victim: 'I have done what I ought to do. There is nothing left but to pray for the prosperity of the nation.'

Who commanded these men? Lieutenant Iwase was thrown into the sea with forty-two members of the crew the moment the *Tomodzuru* capsized. When the vessel was finally towed into port, a testament was found in the commander's cabin addressed to his wife and to his daughter Machiko. The document is supposed to have been written last January, and the Admiralty at Sasebo published it. Here is a translation:—

'In North China, things are not going well, and the country may be called upon at any moment to face a situation on which its very existence will depend. Fearing the worst for my family, I, as a commander of a torpedo-boat destroyer, assigned to defense and to the training of the Imperial Navy, leave the following testament to my wife and daughter:—

'To sacrifice my life for my country has been my sole ambition since I entered the service of the Imperial Navy. As a samurai, what I desire is to die gloriously on the torpedo-boat destroyer that has been assigned to my command. Therefore, if I die, you must maintain the sentiment of honor and conduct yourselves with wisdom in such a way as not to lower the dignity of the family of an officer in the Imperial Navy.

'My wife Reiko should devote herself entirely to the education of Machiko so that my family may be perpetuated without end. The benevolence of the country is vast and incommensurable, and even after my death the State will accord you its protection. Reiko is the foundation stone of my family, and she should become, knowing the great importance of her mission, a living example to our daughter as the head of the family and as a mother. If she does not count on the State for her means of subsistence, she will consummate her personal ruin; she must not turn to anything else. Such is the advice I desire to give them as husband and father.'

Is it clear now why they joke in Tokyo at the voice effects of a Stalin, a Litvinov, a Karakhan, or a Voroshilov? Nothing but noise. The Japanese silence is more redoubtable.

A recent German visitor to the most important naval base in the Far East finds white supremacy at low ebb there.

Sights Seen *in* Singapore

By G. HERWIG

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin National-Socialist Daily

LITTLE Chinese junks glide over the ruffled sea of tropical blue, silver, and dark green. They have ill-fitting sails and broad sterns, and they skirt the mountainous jungles of the west coast of the Malay Peninsula past the island city of Singapore and then on into the South China Sea. At widely scattered intervals they sail by the gray, steaming warships of the English fleet that have been stationed here with bombing planes on board to defend the most strategically important base in the British Empire. Huge double-funneled ocean liners are towed slowly into port, weaving their way through innumerable islands composed of sharp, protruding rocks or of flat, dark-green oval surfaces covered with bushes. Many of these islands, unapproachable because of sandbanks and reefs, have, for the greater protection of Singapore, been turned into powerful fortresses with subterranean chambers. For Singapore forms a kind of bar between the Indian Ocean

and the China Sea and with its mighty fortifications dominates the entrance to both bodies of water.

It is remarkable. If the setting sun did not glow a deep scarlet and throw rays of gold and bronze up into the pale-green zenith, if dark monsoon clouds with puckered edges did not empty their contents at frequent intervals on to the sea and the jungle, nourishing the dark, blue-green foliage and making the earth give forth warm vapor like a vast hothouse, the foreign visitor might think that Singapore was an American city. The waterfront looks more modern and European than that of Naples. Palatial office buildings of colossal size flank the wharves. The flags of every nation fly from their roofs, announcing that ten thousand Europeans, Americans, and Australians consider themselves masters of the city. Are not the broad, smooth cement roads along which successful business men drive eight-cylinder automobiles, are not the six-

story office buildings and the gigantic hotels in the European quarter tangible evidence of the real superiority of Western culture and Western brains to the colored races of the Asiatic continent?

II

Not at all. The white and colored races think entirely differently and dwell on different planes. They lack even a single point of contact. The most that successful colonization can achieve is to cause the colored peoples to come to terms with the material ascendancy of Western civilization, which rests on an advanced technique of production and the intimidation of heavy artillery. Seldom do colored peoples understand Western civilization. Never do they accept it. And today, two decades after the Great War that gave the world a new form and new possibilities for future development, the white peoples are viewing the recent gains made by the colored peoples with no true understanding and with the lassitude that is Europe's most fatal heritage from the War. They believe that the decline of their world-wide supremacy is a natural, inevitable occurrence for which they are in no way responsible.

The colored races are becoming conscious of a sense of solidarity and of a boundlessness of power that are weaning them from their tragic conception of life. In consequence, they are undergoing a revolution that is taking many different forms—national, economic, and social. All the colored peoples from Arabia to Japan have simultaneously begun to grind their teeth in hatred as they watch the collapsing superiority of a group of civilized nations. This superiority was

founded on highly developed political, military, economic, and intellectual forms and resources, and hatred of it is increasing gradually as the colored peoples become more familiar with foreign ways of life and better able to evaluate the power of the white man according to his achievements and limitations.

In 1905 the Russo-Japanese War gave the signal to the Chinese, the Indians, and the Malaysians. When the Japanese defeated Russia a hope illuminated all Asia. A young Asiatic state had defeated with Western weapons the greatest Power on the greatest continent in the world and by bringing Russia to its knees had dissipated the illusion of invincibility that had previously surrounded Europe.

Since that time the Asiatics have devoted their profound cleverness to discovering how to repay the suffering and humiliation that the white intruders caused for a whole century. The strongest weapon the Asiatics possess is their diplomacy. It does not negotiate but acts from behind and below through propaganda, assassination, and revolt and is therefore immeasurably superior to the great diplomacy of the white nations. After penetrating all parts of the Far East by economic means, the Asiatics launched a terrific campaign of political and social propaganda emanating from Japan and saturating all India and China. Japanese influence, starting in Siam, penetrated all the Malay states, and thus attained a concentration of power that has threatened from the north England's key position in the Far East. A united racial front has been drawn up against the Dutch as well, but England's predominance is the primary object of attack.

Control of Singapore and the Malay Peninsula is divided between the English Governor and secret Chinese societies. This means that according to law England holds absolute sway over its crown colony, the Straits Settlements, and has partial jurisdiction over the neighboring Malayan sultanates. Actually, however, the Chinese secret organizations are just as strong. Their smugglers on the junks collect half the customs revenues, and the secret levies they extract from Chinese and Malayan merchants amount to hardly less than the taxes that the English officials raise. Furthermore, they are paid more promptly.

The most important arm of the British Government here, as in India and other Asiatic possessions, is the Civil Intelligence Service, or the English secret police, the best organization of its kind in the world. For years it has tried to stem the Chinese influence. The energetic measures it has taken against the illegal competition of the Chinese are not made public, but the Government fully understands that in the light of present developments in Asia it is high time to combat the Chinese secret organizations, which have received financial support from Japanese merchants and have become so influential in Singapore that a Japanese company operates the only really profitable coal mine in this district.

Take, for instance, the smugglers' ships that range as far south as Celebes and the Equator and as far north as Hong Kong and Shanghai. Every typhoon destroys hundreds of junks, and others fall apart and sink from sheer rottenness. But only the sharks take an interest; nobody else

cares. The Chinese look upon misfortunes of every kind—terrible civil wars, bad harvests, overpowering floods, and death in general—as elemental, unavoidable evils. How else would it be possible for four hundred and thirty million polite, hard-working Chinese to let themselves be plundered by less than ten million robbers, bandits, and grafters and never to defend themselves for thousands of years against the rule of one foreign element after another?

China has outlasted the most difficult periods because its people possess a spirit of great tolerance and passiveness that ultimately compels pure force to rule them. The Chinese would not care if the Japanese were to rule them except, of course, the Chinese intellectuals who were educated in America, who despise what is old-fashioned but have not been able to assimilate anything new except shell-rimmed spectacles, golf stockings, and a dubious capacity for writing political and economic treatises. But millions of other Chinese, those who drown on junks in a typhoon, want to live, and to live in peace. What difference does it make to them where they load their boats or unload them? These little flat-bottomed vessels do not need deep harbors. Between Singapore and nearby Java there are more than a thousand islands in the oily green equatorial sea, islands full of reefs, grottoes, and little bays.

It is almost equally difficult to rid the streets of the swarms of thieves and extortioners. One needs to have seen a street in the Chinese quarter of Singapore to understand this. The little frame houses, painted bright blue, are packed together every which way. Where the streets become narrower

and considerably dirtier, where push carts take the place of trucks and rickshaws of carriages, old-fashioned Chinese goldsmiths work on baroque ornaments, smiling fat Chinese fashion bizarre designs in jade and rose-colored quartz. There are sailors' grog shops, too, and through all the confusion a terrific odor rises in the equatorial heat.

The most complicated alleys weave through this quarter in such a maze as to drive even the cleverest police to despair when they attempt to find a criminal. Of course there are quantities of police in Singapore, both yellow and brown, more than in Berlin. The secret organizations also have to pay considerable sums of money bribing the lower police officials, and whoever pays out most, whoever places the largest sums of money at the disposition of the criminal gangs emanating from the secret political clubs, holds the strings that manipulate the puppets in the state executive offices. He can make them dance to his bidding, for there is no doubt that the police form the connecting link between the secret yellow powers and the official white powers in the Malay Peninsula.

And when we recall that even the most influential Chinese exporters, rubber planters, and owners of tin mines must make secret contributions to these bands to protect themselves against robbery it becomes clear why the struggle that is now going on for control of the Far East must work by underground methods that are coming to possess increasing political and economic influence.

The dullness and ugliness of Singapore, filled with the noise of automobile horns and ships' whistles, have

their counterpart in the brilliance and beauty of the residences of the Malayan sultans who dwell on the peninsula and of the mountain jungles in which these residences are situated. European colonization contaminated the port first, and here the results of Western civilization hit us between the eyes. It has destroyed not only a perfect culture but the modest well-being that forms the material basis for happiness, and has hence destroyed the harmony between mind and matter. Why does our civilization obviously damage the Eastern peoples more than it does ourselves? In the case of 'primitives,' of men who lead simple lives, it is enough to say that they lack any antitoxin for our one-sided materialism. The European-American way of life substitutes plantations for natural grace.

The Malay Peninsula has not yet entered upon the final stage of corruption. Its mountains are still mantled with green; fragrant orchids still bloom in the impenetrable thickets that flank the smooth road that the English have built through the jungle to Johore Bahru. Bamboos, ferns, jungle trees covered with lianas, and mimosa bushes with leaves that quiver when a human body touches them still flourish.

III

The Sultan of Johore Bahru has chosen an excellent spot for his residence. It lies nestled on a hilltop, amid murmuring bamboos and waving palms, close by a quiet green lake on whose shores tortoises and Malayan dignitaries clad in old-fashioned splendor sun themselves. Between this green lake and the still deeper green of the jungle rises one of the most beauti-

ful palaces in the world, the grace of which puts the European business quarter to shame. No one knows who designed it or who took twenty years to build it, ornamenting it with lovely flowers of agate and lapis lazuli. Nothing identifies this miracle with the name or work of its creator, and here we see still another difference between Eastern culture and Western civilization, between Asiatic and European thought.

Asiatic artists do not work for fame. They remain anonymous, for in Asia there is something sinful about any form of work, even the finest, simply because it is work. The dome of this palace rises like a lotus bud, surrounded by four slender minarets. The white harmony of this square marble edifice with its dome rising above makes such a simple and natural impression that technical criticism stands speechless before it. It is a miracle in stone that reminds the European of Kipling's wisdom when he said that 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.'

The voices of successful merchants dissipate the magic. If it had not been for them, if there had been no Chinese or half-breeds but only the lovable brown Malaysians, one might have imagined that Singapore's European quarter with its office buildings, its snobbish tourist hotel 'Raffles,' its Chinese quarter, and its filthy taverns lay in another planet.

The most amazing things have happened since the civilization of the West with its mechanical marvels, its steel tools, and thundering firearms came into conflict with people who lead simpler lives. If the Maharajah of Johore who ruled the island of Singa-

pore a hundred years ago had known, when he signed the agreement whereby Sir Stamford Raffles of the East India Company received the little jungle island, that he was signing the death warrant of his own independence and that of all the Malayan sultanates, he would certainly have ordered his subjects to repel the white intruders. But could this nabob who received the Western pioneers as most 'primitives' did, hospitably and trustfully, although nearly all the first pioneers were adventurers, pirates, slave traders, and merchants, and the later ones merchants, soldiers, explorers, and missionaries, could this nabob have foreseen that England would use Singapore as a naval base against Japan? Certainly not.

Before the few hundred inhabitants of the little fishing village on Singapore Island could recover from their astonishment a city of many thousand inhabitants had grown up, and in the course of the closing decades of the last century it became a port of world importance with more than half a million inhabitants. The jungles in the interior and the girdle of bamboos along the coast reëchoed to a tumult of activity that made even the wisest and oldest Malaysians shake their heads. At the end of a century two little islands had been civilized. They had factories, plantations, illustrated newspapers, and a seat of government at Singapore, whose governor also served as high commissioner for the sultanates of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan, and Pahang, which had become British protectorates. Even the nominally independent rulers of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan, and Trengganu ruled under British supervision, so that British political agents

covered the whole Malay Peninsula as far as the Siamese frontier.

Not a single foot of the mainland is British soil, but the road to Malacca is English. The raids that had for centuries accompanied the discovery of precious stones, gold, and spices by richer countries destroyed untold millions of lives, and then came European colonization, destroying the freedom of the 'primitives.' Like so many other peoples, the Malaysians did the cleverest thing they could under the circumstances and began to die out. Some of them moved to the interior, where they remained safe for a while from the ravages of the whites. What did the new rulers do at this point? They imported yellow labor and civilized twice as vigorously. Not only were the most highly organized plantations developed but dry docks, forts, and airports sprouted as rapidly as the six-story office buildings replaced the native houses.

Most colonies to-day are still going through this difficult second phase. Civilized men are organizing production, 'primitives' are doing the physical work, and this by no means fair distribution of labor gives rise to most of the conflicts between the whites and the Malaysians. The resistance of sixty million Malaysians to white rule has developed into a popular movement, though it still lacks leadership. It rests on the different ways of living and thinking of East and West.

Try to reconcile Western interests with those of Eastern peoples and you at once fail because these interests

contradict each other. The struggle for power is between white and colored; both cannot rule at the same time. Many colonizing nations have made the tragic mistake of wanting to educate colored peoples after their own pattern. This is a mistake based on the false assumption that the European level is higher than the Asiatic one. The political decline, the loss of power that the white race has suffered in the Far East began with the attempt to introduce Western education—an error that can hardly be corrected. The Asiatic, especially the Malaysian, does not stand on a lower level than the European but on a different one. His ideas run on entirely different mental tracks from ours. To convert him to Western civilization means to rob him of the tolerance peculiar to his race without giving him in its place the European way of thinking, which is essentially foreign to him. He can understand only those aspects of our policy which his mind can digest.

To the politically conscious Malaysian the worst Asiatic government would be preferable to the best European. The Japanese, the most active pan-Asiatic politicians in the Far East, know this. They have made themselves the advance guard in the struggle to free the Asiatic peoples. The princes of the Malaysian vassal states and of the Malaysian archipelago receive Japanese experts, politicians, and officers as advisers with open arms and constantly exchange ideas with their racial relatives from Japan.

Last winter one hundred Russians were shipwrecked on an ice floe in the Bering Strait. Here is the story of their rescue, much of it in their own words.

The *Chelyuskin* EPIC

By LÉON BERNSTEIN

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

THE remarkable annals of the Arctic have been further enriched by some particularly moving pages. They have to do with the polar epic that bears the name of *Chelyuskin*, the boat that perished in the ice after five months of navigation; whereupon its crew took refuge on an ice floe, where it remained for two months, at the end of which it was saved by a magnificent aviation exploit.

With a view to foreign and domestic trade and national defense the Soviet Government has for many years heroically endeavored to open a direct route through the polar seas from Archangel to Vladivostok, from the White Sea to the Sea of Japan. The problem has been to establish a regular Arctic navigation service that would function in all seasons, even when the icebergs present the gravest dangers. It was a bold task, but Moscow believed it could be accomplished, and many individuals, in-

cluding Professor Otto Schmidt, the intrepid leader of the *Chelyuskin* expedition, shared this enthusiasm.

In 1933, when the *Chelyuskin* left the ways in Copenhagen where it had been built with all the necessary reinforcements for an Arctic expedition, it aroused high hopes. The boat was not an ice-breaker, but the outlook appeared optimistic, for the expedition was under the trained and prudent direction of the celebrated Professor Schmidt and a group of scientists and hardened navigators such as the polar captain Voronin and the aviator Babushkin.

The *Chelyuskin* raised anchor at Murmansk on August 10, accompanied by the ice-breaker *Krassin* and observation planes. The expedition crossed the Kara Sea, which is full of icebergs, rounded the Taimyr Peninsula, the point of which is known as Cape Chelyuskin, and successfully traversed the Nordenskjöld

Sea. Many difficulties had been surmounted, and many dangers overcome and quickly forgotten. A terrible storm raged during the crossing of the Nordenskjöld Sea. In order to move forward at all the *Cbelyuskin* had to keep changing its course and went as far north as the eighty-seventh degree of latitude, everywhere encountering fields or mountains of ice. It then headed for Wrangel Island.

But icebergs blocked the course, and on September 14 the vessel approached Cape Yakan where the airplane N-4, piloted by Kukanov, had already arrived. Otto Schmidt and a radio operator who was assigned to service on Wrangel Island flew over on the N-4, but this was the only contact that the *Cbelyuskin* could establish with the island, and the flight had shown Professor Schmidt how impossible it was to reach the island by water. The *Krassin* had abandoned the *Cbelyuskin* after quitting the coast of Taimyr.

II

On September 19 the expedition reached the Island of Kolyuchin after forty days among the icebergs. Only three hundred kilometres separated it from the waters of the Pacific, but at this point near Kolyuchin the boat was imprisoned and held fast by the ice.

Two miles farther north, however, the ice was in full movement, and an attempt was therefore made to dynamite the blocks that held the *Cbelyuskin*. When this failed, all the men on board the *Cbelyuskin* spent ten days trying to break the ice with pickaxes, but without success. The natives who dwell on the coast had seen the imprisoned ship and came out to it over

the ice with two dog teams. Professor Schmidt took the opportunity to reach the mainland and returned with four dog teams, on which he carried off a few sick people and certain scientific workers, since their mission had been accomplished and they had to return to their regular occupations. The sixty-five-kilometre journey from the ship to the land lasted thirty-two hours.

On October 5 the ice that surrounded the *Cbelyuskin* gave way, and the boat at last moved forward toward Cape Serdze Kamen and came within eighty kilometres of the Bering Strait. At this point, however, it was again imprisoned in the ice, which was moving rapidly from the coast. Curiously enough, two other ships, the *Lieutenant Schmidt* and the *Sverdlovsk*, which happened to be behind the *Cbelyuskin*, were carried north by the same movement of ice and found open water that enabled them to reach the Pacific without much trouble.

The *Cbelyuskin's* martyrdom then began. Definitely captured by the ice on October 16, it was at first swept toward the Bering Strait. Capes Vellen and Lejnev could clearly be seen from the bridge. The ship even passed Diomed Island in the Strait and on November 4 had come within about four kilometres of the open water of the Pacific. At this point, however, the ice floe began carrying it north again. Some days later the direction changed, and the ship was carried northward toward the coast of Alaska. Any day the ice could have shattered the captive ship in its vise, and preparations were therefore made to meet such a catastrophe. Each man had his part strictly assigned, and everyone knew what he should do the

minute the head of the expedition gave the signal. Nothing on the horizon gave a ray of hope, and snow often destroyed all visibility. Nothing could be heard but the sinister crackling of the ice that became more and more threatening as it pressed against the sides of the *Cbelyuskin*, which shivered but withstood the strain.

The ice-breaker *Litke*, anchored in the Bay of Providence in the Gulf of Anadyr, finally tried to aid the *Cbelyuskin*, but the ice field that had formed around the ship was absolutely impenetrable and forced the *Litke* to go back to port. The *Cbelyuskin* could not even struggle. The ice made it move in fantastic zigzags, never releasing it for an instant. For three months the ship resisted. Then, on February 13, at one o'clock in the afternoon came the crash.

At this point we give Captain Voronin's description of the shipwreck:—

'All the time until the loss of the ship I observed the ice. I studied the surroundings so closely that I could have described from memory the position of the ice at any moment and drawn the form of each neighboring iceberg. The more I observed, the more evident it became to me that the *Cbelyuskin* would never emerge by its own power. The ice piled up higher and higher, and its field kept extending. Only at the eighty-second parallel in the Arctic Ocean can one encounter such ice as there is in the Chukotski Sea; its power here is due to the shallowness of the water. You encounter cliffs of ice that rest on the bottom of the sea. Smaller pieces are grouped around them and form indestructible barriers. That is why our course kept shifting.

'During the winter on the sea of ice the *Cbelyuskin* withstood numerous assaults, but it was on February 11 that the ice crashed against the hull of the vessel with the greatest force. At that time the days were still very short. We examined the outer structure of the boat with lanterns and looked at how the icebergs were ranged about it. We noticed two crevasses in the ice, one of which extended from the bow, while the other ran at right angles to the centre of the vessel. This meant that we might expect a new assault.

'On February 13, after lunch, I went over to Dr. Fakidov's tent on the ice floe near the boat. With the aid of different instruments this scholar was observing the movement of the ice. Shortly after my arrival his instruments showed that the ice had begun to move. At once I returned to the boat. The ice was advancing toward the bow of the vessel with a deafening roar. At twenty minutes past one, with the thermometer at thirty degrees below freezing and a snow storm raging, the assault of the ice became most threatening. The order was given to debark on the ice. At this moment a terrible shock thrust the ship ten yards forward. The ice had driven a hole in the left side of the boat, and water was flooding the second hold, the machinery, and the boilers.

"“This is the end,” I thought to myself and gave the order: “Everyone unload.”

'Careful preparations with a view to possible catastrophe and the discipline of everybody on board enabled us to debark on the ice in less than two hours, carrying off enough provisions for two months, all our instruments, charts, documents, papers,

scientific equipment, and the long boats. We also had time to cut the rigging in the hope that numerous wooden parts might float to the surface after the boat had sunk.

'With Otto Schmidt we were supervising the debarkation near the forward hold. The ice closed in on the bow, crushing it and pressing it deeper into the water. We waited until the water had reached the bow before giving the command: "Everybody on the ice."

'That was the decisive moment. The command was given. I never believed that such order and discipline could exist at the moment of a shipwreck. We all descended calmly upon the ice, but the young economist, Boris Mogilevich, lost his balance and perished, crushed by the girders and the barrels on board. Nothing remained except for the captain to leave, and he was spared the trouble. A violent thrust on the bow, which suddenly leaped up, projected me onto the ice in spite of myself.

'The water kept rising and finally reached the captain's bridge. The air inside the ship poured out of the chief funnel covering the Chelyuskinians with soot from head to foot. It was the boat's last farewell. An instant later nothing remained where the *Chelyuskin* had stood in clear outline but a wild, chaotic confusion of ice, capsized long boats, crates, girders, and even a few barrels of gasoline. We at once installed the women and children in Fakidov's tent and calmly prepared to spend our first night. Five tents rapidly arose. Every member of the expedition and the crew received a sleeping bag. The next morning, having washed ourselves in the snow, we pulled out everything

that remained floating onto the ice, and, after making an inventory of our provisions, became more tranquil about our fate. We had everything necessary to maintain ourselves for two months.

'When the *Chelyuskin* began to sink we did not give the SOS signal, since we were convinced of the absolute uselessness of asking for prompt aid in this latitude. Our radio operator, Krenkel, rapidly repaired his damaged outfit on the ice, and Otto Schmidt sent out a message describing the events of the previous day. This message was picked up by Vellen, we learned the next day when we had established contact with the stations on the coast. We heard with joy of the energetic measures the Government was taking for our safety.'

III

The second phase of this polar epic now began. Life became organized, or rather improvised, with the spirit of order on the ice floe where one hundred and one persons had encamped, including ten women and two children. Both of the children were girls, one of them Alla Buiko, the three-year-old daughter of the head of the scientific station at Wrangel Island, and the other, Karin Vassilieva, the six-month-old daughter of the geographer at the same station. The mothers of both children were present.

From February 20 on there were a kitchen tent and a baking tent, as well as tents for shelter on the ice floe. After material life had been organized, intellectual life followed, and a series of political lectures, courses in foreign languages, and literary conversations began. Finally, a mural newspaper

was created in the form of announcements received over the radio. It bore the proud name, *Ne sdadimsia*, 'we shall not give up.'

Otto Schmidt gave out regular radio reports of the camp on the ice floe. Barracks were made, capable of holding fifty people. Schmidt proudly revealed that they even had windows made of photographic plates. Some miles away from the camp there was a flat stretch of ice, broken, it is true, with a few projecting icebergs. Nevertheless, it had the makings of a landing field, and work went forward to construct one. The discouraging thing was that Babushkin's airplane could not be carried there, since the obstacles were too great. However, with energy and ingenuity the task was finally accomplished, but the airplane was damaged and could not be used.

On February 26, Schmidt announced over the radio, 'Everybody is used to life on the ice. Our ice floe has cracked at several places, and crevasses several yards wide have appeared. We quickly carried our provisions to a safer place and threw little bridges over the crevasses.' The ice floe began moving slowly toward the southeast. During the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of February it made nearly three kilometres. Since the shipwreck the floe had moved twenty-eight kilometres. On February 26, the camp received the congratulations of the Soviet leaders, and Stalin proclaimed: 'We send to the Chelyuskinians our fervent Bolshevik salute. We follow the course of your heroic struggle against the elements with admiration and are taking every measure to come to your aid.'

A special commission had been

formed, and it did not lose a moment or neglect any possibility. All the airplanes on the Siberian coast that could be used for the rescue were informed. Fortunately there were some on the North Cape and at Vellen. They included the bi-motored Ant-4, piloted by one of the best Soviet aviators, Liapidevski. The ship *Stalingrad* left Kamtchatka with two airplanes on board; the *Smolensk* left Vladivostok with seven airplanes, and the aviators included Molokov and Kamanin. The pilot Vodopianov had to fly from Khabarovsk. Another group of airplanes with Doronin at their head left the coast of Anadyr. The aviators Levanevski and Slepnev, accompanied by the explorer Ushakov, went to the United States to reach Alaska. The vessel *Soviet* left Vladivostok with two semi-rigid dirigibles on board. Finally, repairs were hurried on the *Krassin*, which was on the ways at Leningrad.

The Chelyuskinians knew about all these measures and followed with hope and despair the progress of the various airplanes that were flying to their aid. In view of atmospheric conditions, would it be possible for airplanes to make the rescue? Kubyichev, head of the rescue commission, was not sure and declared: 'Airplanes might be of great usefulness, but two essential conditions must exist,—favorable weather for flying and landing fields,—and these are precisely the two conditions that do not exist.'

IV

Kubyichev uttered these words on March 2. Three days later the aviator Liapidevski made the first rescue flight and brought the women and children

from the camp to the mainland. Here is the picturesque description given by Mme Lobsa, a member of the party.

‘For not a single day has the camp ceased to work hard. All are brave and full of hope. The women sew mittens, mend clothes. The men build barracks and heat the tents. Members of the expedition have leveled off a space 50 yards wide and 150 yards long as a landing field for airplanes. Two tents are stationed there, and three men are constantly on guard. They keep in active touch with the camp by signals.

‘It was decided to send the women and children to the mainland first. Until February 18 we expected no airplanes. We were informed that the one at Vellen could not fly for lack of compressed air and that its crew had left by dog team to get another plane with compressed air on the Bay of Providence. Because of bad atmospheric conditions the airplane Ant-4 could not arrive in Vellen until February 18. Our camp was advised that it would try to fly to us. The women assigned for departure waited for the plane’s flight, but the date had to be postponed because of motor trouble.

‘On February 20 we received a new radio message that the plane had departed. All the women, accompanied by thirty members of the expedition, went to the landing field. The children were taken on sleds. During this time the camp remained in constant touch with Comrade Petrov, the radio operator on the airplane. After waiting an hour and a half, we received a signal from the camp informing us that the airplane had to return to Vellen. On February 24 came another message that the airplane had left.

Everyone again went to the air field. We waited three hours until the camp signal led us to return. While we were at the flying field, the ice began to move, creating fissures that made the flying field a little smaller. On the way back we encountered several narrower cracks in the ice, and on arriving at camp we learned that a wide crevasse had opened up where our food was stored and had passed through the kitchen cutting the camp in two and leaving the barracks on one side and the tents on the other. Thanks to emergency measures all the food was saved. Everyone who had remained in camp helped. We had to build a plank bridge to get to the barracks.

‘Late in the evening the camp was advised that the airplane had flown ninety miles from the coast and had returned to Vellen after seven and a half hours without finding the camp. It is easy to imagine our despair. For the next few days bad weather prevented any further attempts at departure. The time was spent on the usual tasks.

‘Finally, on March 5, we were informed by radio that the airplane Ant-4 had left at 9:15 in the direction of the camp. The preparations did not take long. Twenty minutes later the women accompanied by our comrades set out for the flying field for the last time. It must be frankly admitted that we did not expect the arrival of the airplane with absolute certainty.

‘On our way, however, we suddenly saw it coming. A powerful hurrah rang out from the mountains of ice. After describing a complete circle, the airplane lit gently on the field that had been prepared for it. The landing field was half a kilometre

away, and we rushed excitedly over the ice. A wide crevasse suddenly cut our path in two, and we had to go back to the camp and get a little boat to cross the crevasse in small groups. This took us two hours.

'The airplane Ant-4, piloted by Liapidevski and with Petrov as observer, took the ten women and two children on board. When we had said farewell to our comrades and assured them that we should soon see them again, we left the airport. After a final farewell circular flight, the airplane headed for Serdze Kamen and Vellen. We flew a hundred yards above the ice, and, when we reached the coast, we rose to four hundred yards. The flight lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes. We landed at Vellen so gently that we could hardly feel the plane touch the ground.'

V

On March 10, 11, and 12, Liapidevski tried to fly to the ice floe again, but each time he had to return and finally developed motor trouble that put his bi-motored plane out of commission. Each time he set out, the camp was informed by radio and waited in vain excitement.

But the victims held out well. The leader of the expedition, Professor Otto Schmidt, the captain of the lost vessel, Voronin, the radio operator, Krenkel, and the aviator, Babushkin, were models of endurance, good humor, discipline, and hope. Otto Schmidt gave the crew two parallel courses, one in philosophy, the other in natural science. The political instruction that had begun on the *Cbelyuskin* continued on the ice floe. The meteorologists, geographers, and hydro-chem-

ists kept up their observations. In order to live it was also necessary to learn new trades and reconstruct the damage done by the heaving ice. Krenkel, true to his post, kept in touch with the mainland by radio and maintained the hopes of his comrades by the good news that he brought of the organization of the rescue.

Babushkin, with the aid of the chief mechanics, succeeded after long effort in repairing his broken monoplane and even in getting it to rise from the ground. But why run the risk of flight? Though it was extremely uncertain, not to say perilous, the pilot took the chance and succeeded in carrying a passenger with him to Vankarem Cape on April 2. He brought good news of the camp. It was suffering, but there was no sickness, and enough provisions still remained. The one danger was that the ice floe might collapse, and already the movement of the ice was causing anxiety. Nevertheless, everybody vied with everyone else to maintain the flying field in good shape, to keep the barracks and tents clean, and to arrange literary evenings.

Meanwhile, the plans for rescue went forward. On March 23, the powerful ice-breaker *Krassin*, which did so much to rescue the Nobile expedition in 1928, left Leningrad. Great hopes had been laid on it, but the rescue came even sooner—rescue by air. On March 30, the pilot Levanevski left Nome, Alaska, with the explorer Ushakov. He had to make a forced landing before reaching Cape Vankarem. The airplane was broken, Levanevski was hurt, but not Ushakov.

There were still eighty-seven men on the ice floe. On April 4,

Kamanin and Molokov arrived at Cape Vellen by airplane, having flown two thousand kilometres under the most abominable atmospheric conditions. Of the seven who set out with them, only these two reached their destination. The others had engine trouble or ran out of fuel. Three days later, on April 7, Kamanin and Molokov arrived at Vankarem, the air base, and the same day Slepnev arrived from Alaska with Ushakov. After a brief conference they decided to take advantage of the relatively favorable weather and fly on that very day to the camp of the Chelyuskinians. Molokov and Kamanin lit on the ice without damaging their two-seater planes and took back five of the camp's sick comrades, the ones whose health made their departure most urgent, to Vankarem, 120 kilometres away.

Slepnev, the third pilot, damaged his heavier plane when his speed carried him beyond the landing field. He therefore had to remain on the ice floe to repair his machine and did so—after a fashion. Ushakov, who came with him, went to the camp and found barracks and ten tents, a kitchen, and a bakery. The life of the shipwrecked people seemed to be well organized in that they were ready for the worst at any moment, and the danger was great and constant. The work of repairing the airplane dragged on, and the departure had to be put off to the next day, and perhaps still further.

On April 8, the ice began moving again, making everything tremble and carrying away the kitchen. A new and terrible assault had begun. The weather was such that nobody could dream of flying, either at Vankarem

or at camp. On April 9, the situation grew worse. The ice was milling about with a terrific noise and breaking furiously against the camp. It was the most powerful attack since the loss of the *Chelyuskin*. The provisions stored in crates were carried away, the barracks shattered, the flying field affected. It was a disaster. Was the whole ice floe about to disintegrate?

VI

Happily, calm returned on April 10. Everyone set to work laying out a second flying field, part of which had been already prepared. Slepnev's airplane was dragged there, a distance of more than a kilometre, and he at once set forth with six companions. Kamanin arrived from Vankarem and saved three more. He wanted to return, but the condition of his airplane did not permit him to do so. The day's record went to Molokov, who made three trips and brought thirteen men back. On the whole, it was a brilliant day with twenty-two people saved. One note of sadness, however, came over the camp: Otto Schmidt was stricken with fever and could not arise.

On April 11, the weather continued favorable. Slepnev went to Vellen for gasoline, and took advantage of the opportunity to take some of the camp's sick people with him because there was no room for them in the single habitable building at Vankarem. During the day Molokov made four journeys between Vankarem and the camp, and Kamanin three. Between them they saved thirty-five men, among them Professor Schmidt, who, in spite of his illness, wanted to be the last to leave camp, as he had been

the last to leave the *Cbelyuskin*. He had to be taken almost by force.

On April 12 two pilots from Khabarovsk, Doronin and Vodopianov, arrived at Vankarem. By this time four airplanes had appeared, and all of them went to the camp, bringing back twenty-two people as well as the instruments and radio equipment.

After April 11, Bobrov, Schmidt's assistant, took his chief's place. Because of Schmidt's health and the lack of care at Vankarem or anywhere on the Siberian coast, he was transported by airplane to Nome. Only six men remained in camp, including Bobrov, Captain Voronin, and the radio operator, Krenkel. This was on April 13, just two months after the catastrophe. During the night Voronin, following the custom of polar navigators, gathered all the provisions he could find into one tent. Who could tell, perhaps they might be useful.

At dawn Vankarem announced that three airplanes were heading for the camp piloted by Molokov, Kamanin, and Vodopianov. Voronin took care to close the entrance of the tent so that no bear could get in and tear everything to pieces. He nailed the tent to the planks but suddenly perceived that he had left his headgear inside. He had to pry the planks loose to get it, and when he had again hammered

them together he found that he had forgotten his fur gloves. Again he tore the planks apart, when he heard the sound of airplane motors. Voronin hammered as fast as he could, raised a flag, and danced a lively *kamarinskaia* with Bobrov.

Everything was ready. Needless to say, the dogs that had been used on April 7 to help clear the landing field were not forgotten. They were put in an airplane, and everything else that could be carried was taken along. One last look, and the three planes set forth, lighting on the mainland fifty minutes later.

After this rescue those who had been saved had to leave Vankarem, and the same aviators took them by air to Vellen, and thence to more habitable regions. Some went by dog team, but it was not until June 7, two months after the rescue, that the historic crew of the *Cbelyuskin*, accompanied by their rescuers, arrived on board the *Smolensk* at Vladivostok, which was the objective of their expedition. Otto Schmidt arrived in Moscow on June 5, having gone by way of New York and Paris, and it was at Moscow that Schmidt, his companions, and the aviators all met and attended a celebration marking the end of this unprecedented exploit, the results of which are of the greatest importance to Arctic navigation.

The widow of Russia's foremost short-story writer and dramatist, herself a member of the Moscow Art Theatre company, describes Chekhov's last years.

Memories of CHEKHOV

By OLGA KNIPPER-CHEKHOVA

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I KNEW him in the last six years—the Chekhov whose attitude toward the destruction of his own body into which ‘some demon had stuck a bacillus’ was calm, wise, and beautiful. The memory of those six years is one of unrest, of seeking. He was like a gull above the sea, not knowing where to rest. Then came his father's death, the sale of Melikhovo, the sale of his works to Marks, the purchase of the Yalta property, the planning of the house and garden. At the same time he was irresistibly drawn to Moscow—to the new, living theatre—and felt torn between that city and Yalta, which already seemed a prison. Then his marriage, his search for a bit of land near beloved Moscow, and the dream he nearly realized,—the doctors had permitted him to live in Central Russia,—the dream of a trip along northern rivers, to Sweden and Norway, to Switzerland, and finally, just before his death, the longing to re-

turn to Russia via Italy, which lured him with its bright colors, its life, its music and flowers. But on July 2, 1904, all this unrest, all these dreams came to an end. In his own words: ‘I am dying.’

We first met on September 9, 1898—a great and memorable day in my life. I shall never forget the agitation that seized me when on the eve of ‘that day’ I read Vladimir Ivanovich's note, telling me that Chekhov would be present at the following rehearsal of *The Sea Gull*, or the divine ecstasy with which I went to the Hunting Club, where we held our rehearsals, or the moment when, for the first time in my life, I stood before Anton Pavlovich Chekhov.

The delicate essence of his personality penetrated us all—his simplicity and his total inability to ‘teach’ or ‘demonstrate.’ We did n't know what to say, but he kept looking at us, sometimes smiling, then suddenly

serious, then shyly tugging at his beard. Some questions he did n't quite know how to answer, although we always thought that when the author came he would divulge the entire secret of how *The Sea Gull* should be played. He answered us in the most unexpected manner, and we did not know whether to take his remarks seriously or not. But that was only the first impression. Presently, these casual asides began to penetrate our minds and souls, and some barely perceptible characteristic would reveal the essence of the man.

II

At the end of the theatrical season I went to spend my vacation in the Caucasus, where my brother lived with his family. It was during this period that Chekhov and I first exchanged letters. In Moscow I had promised to go from the Caucasus to Crimea, where he had bought some land and was building a house. We therefore arranged to meet in Novorossisk about the twentieth of June, and we both arrived in Yalta together. I stayed at Dr. Sredin's, who was a friend of the family, and Anton Pavlovich lived at the Marino Hotel by the shore and would set out every morning to Autka to supervise the construction of his house. He ate very badly, never thought about his food, overworked, and, though the Sredins and I tried to lure him in to dinner as often as possible and provide him with normal nourishment, we had no great success. Anton Pavlovich hated to 'pay calls' and avoided eating anywhere but at home, although he was fond of the Sredins. Their home was so simple and happy that all the art-

ists, musicians, and writers in Yalta visited them constantly.

In August Anton Pavlovich and I returned to Moscow, riding in a carriage to Bakhchisarai over Ai-Petra Mountain. It was good to rest on the soft carriage springs, to smell the pines, to talk in the gentle, joking Chekhov vein, and to doze off when the southern sun became too hot and the sultriness too oppressive. But Anton Pavlovich did not remain in Moscow long and returned to Yalta at the end of August. Our correspondence began September 3, and at the end of March, 1900, the Moscow Art Theatre group decided to go to Crimea and put on *The Sea Gull*, *Uncle Vania*, and *Hedda Gabler*.

When I arrived during Holy Week with Maria Pavlovna, Anton Pavlovich's new house, which he had built the preceding summer, was already warm and homelike. Everything interested us, each little detail. Chekhov loved to show everything he had and to tell what was lacking, what would have to be acquired, and so on. But above all else he loved the garden, the fruit trees.

Maxim Gorki, whose fame was then rising like a rocket, was in Yalta at that time. He used to visit Anton Pavlovich and tell about his wanderings. Like the stories he told, he seemed so new, so fresh that we would sit silently in Anton Pavlovich's study, listening to him for hours.

Holy Week passed beautifully and swiftly, and we had to leave for Sevastopol, where the Art Theatre had already arrived. Preparations were started, Anton Pavlovich came, the whirl of life began anew. It was like a spring festival. We moved on to Yalta, and the festival grew more brilliant.

Flowers literally overwhelmed us. This fairy celebration ended on the roof of F. K. Tatarinova's country home. She loved our young theatre deeply and did not know how to express her admiration for Stanislavski and Nemirovich-Danchenko, who had founded it. The actors often visited Anton Pavlovich, dined with him, wandered about the garden, sat around the cheerful study, to Anton Pavlovich's delight. He loved the movement and bubbling of life, and everything around us then was hopeful and joyous.

It was hard to say good-by to the south and the sun and Chekhov, but we had to return to Moscow and start rehearsals. Anton Pavlovich soon followed us, for he found Yalta empty after the liveliness and commotion that our theatre had brought. But in Moscow his health went back on him, and he had to return to the south. At the end of May I started for the Caucasus with my mother, and how happy and surprised we were to meet on the Tiflis-Batum train Anton Pavlovich, Gorki, Vasnetsov, Dr. Alexin, all of them going to Batum. We were together during six hours until mother and I changed trains for the Borjinski branch at the Mikhailov station.

In July I again visited the Chekhovs in Yalta. We resumed our correspondence on my return to Moscow at the beginning of August and kept it up until October 23, when Anton Pavlovich came to Moscow with the script of *The Three Sisters*. In the middle of December he set out for the French Riviera and spent three months in Nice, worrying about our production of his latest play.

In Moscow he saw *When We Dead Awaken*, but Ibsen always aroused a

smiling mistrust in him: he thought the man too complex and too fond of philosophizing. Our correspondence extended from December 11, 1900, to March 18, 1901. At the beginning of April I went to Yalta for a short stay, but the middle of the month brought a new series of letters. Such were the external facts, but a feeling within me demanded some definite decision, and I decided to unite my life to that of Anton Pavlovich.

In the middle of May, 1901, Anton Pavlovich came to Moscow. We were married on May 25 and set out on our trip along the Volga. We stopped at Nijni-Novgorod to visit Maxim Gorki, who was undergoing domiciliary arrest. In Aksekov Anton Pavlovich enjoyed the scenery, the long shadows on the steppe after six o'clock, the restless droves of horses, the vegetation, the river Demä, where we went on a fishing trip. The sanatorium in which he lived stood in a beautiful oak forest, but the absence of all conveniences made life difficult for him. Finally, however, life here wearied him, and we set out for Yalta going by way of Samara and along the Volga to Tsaritsin. We remained in Yalta till August 20 when I had to return to Moscow for the theatrical season.

Meetings followed separations as before, except that now it was much harder, and I even considered leaving the stage. But at the same time the question arose—does Anton Pavlovich need merely a wife who has no vital activity? I felt him to be a lonely soul who cherished the connection that he had established with the theatre through me.

I remembered all these details with wonderful clarity when, many years later, after the publication of Chek-

hov's letters, I read the following lines addressed to A. S. Surovin in 1895: 'Very well, I shall marry, if you so desire. But these are my conditions: everything must remain as before, that is, she is to live in the city and I in the country, and I shall come to visit her. The kind of happiness that goes on day after day, from one morning till the next, would be unbearable to me. I promise to be a wonderful husband, but give me a wife who, like the moon, will not appear in my sky every day.'

I did not know he had written this at the time, but I felt that he needed me as I was. And even after my serious illness in 1902, when I talked about leaving the theatre, I met with stern refusal. From that time on Anton Pavlovich divided life more than ever between Moscow and Yalta. He had to live in Yalta; he longed to be in Moscow. He was allowed to spend only the winter of 1903-1904 in the capital, but how happy and touched he was, how he enjoyed going to rehearsals, how he delighted in his fur coat and beaver hat!

The first performance of *The Cherry Orchard* came on the same day that some men of letters and friends of Anton Pavlovich's organized a celebration in his honor. The affair wearied him, he hated formal occasions. The first performance of *The Sea Gull* had also been a gala day, but how different the two celebrations were. There was unrest in the theatre, the atmosphere was ominous. Perhaps it has all been colored by the events that followed,—I don't know,—but one thing remains true—the note of pure gladness was absent on that seventeenth of January, 1904. Anton Pavlovich listened to all the complimen-

tary speeches with great attention. At times he tossed back his head in a characteristic gesture, and he seemed to be looking at everything about him from a bird's-eye view. He appeared out of his element. His face would light up with a gentle radiant smile, and the familiar wrinkles would appear around the mouth; perhaps he noticed something that he would remember later on and laugh at like a child.

III

Generally, Anton Pavlovich loved everything funny, everything humorous. He used to sit curled up in a corner, tugging at his beard, listening to someone tell stories, and then burst into such infectious laughter that I often stopped listening to the narrator and got the story from Anton Pavlovich. He loved jokers and clowns.

Even a few hours before his death he made up a story that forced me to laugh. It happened in Badenweiler. After three very bad days he revived toward evening and sent me for a walk in the park, since I had not left him during these days. When I returned, he began worrying about my not going to supper, but I replied that the bell had not rung yet. We discovered later that we simply had not heard it, but in the meantime Anton Pavlovich started to make up a story describing a fashionable resort filled with well-fed, fat bankers and healthy, red-cheeked, food-loving Americans and Englishmen. They all congregated, some returning from a walk in the mountains, others from an excursion, but all animated by the same desire—to eat a good dinner after a day of physical fatigue. Suddenly it appeared that the cook had eloped and that there

was no dinner, and he then described the way all these spoiled people took an insult to their bellies. . . . I sat on the divan, laughing with all my heart after the worries of the preceding days. No one could have thought that a few hours later I should be standing by Chekhov's dead body.

During the last year of his life Anton Chekhov had an idea for a play. He had not formulated it absolutely clearly, but he told me that its hero was a scientist who loved a woman who either did not love him or was unfaithful to him. He leaves for the Arctic where the third act of the drama takes place: a ship stands among the icebergs; peace, quiet, the vastness of night; on the background of the aurora borealis he sees the shadow of the beloved woman. . . .

Anton Pavlovich passed calmly and quietly from this life to the next. He awoke early in the night, and, for the first time in his life, asked to have the doctor called. The feeling that something tremendous was drawing closer and closer imparted wonderful calm and precision to everything I did; it

was as though someone were leading me. I remember only one frightful minute when I felt utterly lost. The hotel was full of sleeping human beings, and I seemed to be completely alone and helpless. Then I remembered that we knew two Russian students in the hotel—two brothers. I sent one of them for the doctor while I went to crack some ice to put on the dying man's heart. I remember to this day the sound of footsteps in the hot July night, the grating of the sand . . .

The doctor came and ordered champagne. Anton Pavlovich sat up and loudly, impressively announced to the doctor in German, of which he spoke very little: '*Ich sterbe.*' Then he took up his glass, turned toward me with his wonderful smile, and said: 'It's been a long time since I drank champagne.' He drained the glass, turned quietly over on his left side, and was soon silent forever. And the terrible silence of the night was broken only by an enormous black moth that blew in like a whirlwind, beating against the electric bulbs and fluttering about the room.

Wilbur Wright's first foreign passenger, a former German envoy to France, describes his initial flight in 1908.

Flying with WRIGHT

By BARON VON DER LANCKEN-WACKENITZ

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin National-Socialist Daily

[The world to-day is absorbed in many things, but nothing interests it more than the development of the heavier-than-air flying machine. This interest has grown steadily since December 17, 1903, when we heard with excitement and incredulity that the Wright brothers had succeeded in rising from the ground and flying for six minutes in an open machine propelled by a motor. The pilot and builder was Wilbur Wright. The following article is written by an eye-witness of Wright's first flight in Europe, but his impressions are of a rather special character. A crowd had gathered to witness the test at Le Mans, but Baron von der Lancken-Wackenitz accompanied Wilbur Wright in the flight and sat beside him. He was German chargé d'affaires in Paris at the time. Never before has he described his experience for the general public, and we are very glad to give our readers his own account of the circumstances under which he became Wright's partner and shared a great experience with him.—EDITOR, 'Berliner Tageblatt.']

IT WAS October 24, 1908. I found myself on the drill ground at Le Mans with a great many other people, all of whom had gathered to witness Wilbur Wright's attempt to fly in a mechanical bird, made of light planks and a little metal and driven by two propellers. The event had been written up in the newspapers for days, and the crowd wanted to participate in an important episode in the history of human progress. But I perceived that they would have been equally thrilled by the failure of this sensational attempt to repeat, not without danger, the adventure of Icarus. I got the impression that the skeptical French anticipated failure, either a fatal crash or a comic fiasco.

Wilbur Wright, with the advice of his manager, believed that, if this flight in France succeeded and enabled him to take out a patent, he would then go to Berlin and do the same thing there. To me this invention had not only a sporting but a practical interest. I represented our ambassador,

Count Radolin, and therefore had to be on the spot to witness the sensational experiment.

Personal connections were established between Wright and me in a typically American fashion. His smart manager knew that I would be present, and, as I was standing around waiting, I was suddenly astonished to hear somebody shouting, 'The German Ambassador' and '*L'Ambassadeur d'Allemagne*.' I asked whom they were looking for and was told that Wright wanted to make my acquaintance. When I came up to him, he at once said, 'Mr. Ambassador, will you accompany me on my flight?'

The machine stood beside us on two plain wooden saw horses. Near it I noticed a scaffolding rising to the height of thirty or thirty-five feet and built of light planks. In reply to my questions I was told that a heavy weight attached by a chain to the front of the flying machine would be released by a catch that the pilot operated and that when this weight fell from the top of the scaffolding it would pull the flying machine up the track to the top of the scaffolding, projecting it into the air. There was no under-carriage at all, only two flimsy sledge-runners on the lower wing. The whole apparatus was a very light, haphazard affair. Two seats had been built close together on the lower wing, and there was a primitive propeller behind each of them. From these seats you could look straight down below you—that is, provided you were in the air.

While these explanations were being made, people were throwing little paper darts into the air to discover the wind currents up to a height of at least 300 feet, for they did not want to

tempt fate too rashly. Wright invited me to sit down in the fragile seat on his right. He told me that I could not wear my derby hat but that I must exchange it for a mechanic's cap. I then received brief instructions. During the flight I should under no circumstances make any sudden movement. For instance, if the cap were about to blow off, I must not grab for it suddenly, since any sudden movement might be extremely dangerous. When I had taken my place Wright, who was standing behind the contraption, turned the propellers himself, at once setting in motion such a powerful current of air that the cap flew off my head immediately. 'Let it go,' shouted Wright. Then he added this further instruction: 'Be sure to keep your left foot still, because if you move it you will release the catch and fly off alone.'

Naturally I obeyed this order. Then Wright walked around the machine with long slow steps and finally hoisted himself carefully into his seat beside me. A load fell from my mind when he finally sat down. After looking quietly at all parts of the machine he released the catch with a sharp thrust of his foot. The weight fell from the scaffolding to the earth, and we were pulled sharply forward, but for only a few feet. Then we suddenly stopped. The sharply rising tracks that were supposed to carry us upward had not been firmly laid and had given way. The start was a failure. One of the wings had been damaged slightly, and it took almost an hour to repair it.

The next attempt succeeded. We rose to a height of about 300 feet, circled twice around the drill field, and made a new endurance record of six minutes. After stopping the motor

while still in flight, we landed on a rather rough piece of ground, alighting with such an impact that we were almost thrown out of our seats. The crowd rushed toward us and excitedly greeted us as the great heroes of the air.

II

This flight, which amazed the whole world, was a great experience that I shall never forget, not only because I was the first German to travel through the air in a motor-driven machine but even more because the flight had been made over French soil, and I soon understood that it would have some political significance. The new discovery and the idea that it might be applied to military uses at once aroused the easily excited spirit of the French and, ever since early in 1910, gave rise to many chauvinistic utterances in the press. I therefore had the opportunity to discover the attitude of many important people in France toward the new invention, which had caused such excitement there. In September, 1910, Fallières, President of the French Republic, gave a farewell luncheon to the German ambassador, Count Radolin, who was quitting his post. Prime Minister Aristide Briand had been invited, and he asked me to ride with him to Rambouillet, the scene of the festivities, in his private car. Shortly before, Briand had watched the autumn manœuvres of the French troops, especially the balloon division. When I sat down beside him in his private car, he described what he had seen in his elegant, excited manner. Both during and after the luncheon with the President, avia-

tion formed the chief topic of conversation, and it was discussed in the most natural, outspoken, and technically interesting way.

The President and Prime Minister of France talked on that autumn day to representatives of the German Reich with full confidence and loyal frankness concerning the possible development of aviation technique in the near future. Aristide Briand had not yet become the apostle of peace that his experience in the World War made of him. During the previous year he had made a speech at Périgueux calling for the unity of all Frenchmen if their native country should be threatened. But neither he nor Armand Fallières believed at that time that the most important aspect of this new invention was of a military nature, though, of course, the subject was touched upon in the course of the conversation. At that luncheon in Rambouillet everyone thought that the most important aspect of international flying would be that it would bring the nations closer together and thus strengthen the peace of the world. Things turned out differently, but that is another story, which does not belong here.

What happened in the next few years and what is happening now make it clearer and clearer to me that this open conversation between French and German politicians gave evidence of a more statesmanlike spirit than the French armament policy does to-day, since the present policy is mistrustfully directed against peace-loving Germany and denies the German people the right of protection even behind their own frontiers.

BOOKS ABROAD

THE TWILIGHT OF PARENTHOOD. By
Dr. Enid Charles. London: Watts.
1934.

(Dr. Harry Roberts in the *New Statesman and Nation*,
London)

WHEN Malthus proclaimed his celebrated law, he was justified by the evidence available. In the light of contemporary knowledge, the same defense cannot be offered to-day for those who continue pontifically to mutter his formula. Man's material environment may well have seemed in the eighteenth century to be, though slowly modifiable, 90 per cent determined by forces outside human control. In the last century and a quarter, however, applied science has moved at a pace unpredictable by its earlier apostles. Every year man becomes more and more remotely dependent on the physical legacy that extra-human nature bestowed on him. Less and less has he to rely on the services of his animal and vegetable symbiotes for the conversion into utilizable materials of the inorganic elements of which the earth is mainly composed. No longer is he dependent on organic matter for his nitrogen, on animal fats for his illumination, on silkworms for his silk, or on horses for his transport. Although the population of the world has never been so great as to-day, the statesmen of nearly every country are preoccupied with schemes for destroying, or limiting the production of, foods and materials, which human intelligence in coöperation with nature has, so it is said, caused to exist in too great abundance; and our power of

bringing into existence commodities utilizable by man is still rapidly growing. Our Malthusian Cassandras, however, warn us that population will yet go on increasing, whilst nature sets a final limit to potential scientific advance.

Contemporary facts are unkind to these prophets of woe. Though it is true that in every country but two the crude birth rate is still a little higher than the crude death rate, the population of nearly every country in Europe is already showing signs of decline. For, as Dr. Enid Charles in a remarkable and highly important book just published makes clear, these crude figures need considering very carefully if we are to draw any inferences from them. At the present time, every four female children born in England and Wales leave on an average but three female descendants. In other words, if the present birth rate continues, the number of potential mothers will diminish by one-quarter in every generation. No increase of longevity that hygienic science may effect can modify in the smallest degree the inevitable outcome of this trend toward sterility. At most, it might add a number of oldish people to the population of each decade, thus postponing by a few years the ultimate extinction of the race. Assuming that no further fall occurs in the birth rate—an assumption, by the way, that has few facts to support it—Dr. Charles says that, once a stable age composition has been reached, the population of England and Wales will, in two hundred years, have fallen from 35,000,000

to 6,000,000—that is, to half the population of Greater London. Should, however, the net reproduction rate fall to two-thirds of its present figure, our total population would, in 300 years, drop to 45,000. In varying degrees, the population of most other European countries is tending rapidly in the same direction.

Altogether apart from economic considerations, many of us think that there are far too many people in the world—that, I suppose, is a matter of individual preference. Some of us may even feel indifferent as to the survival of European civilization or of the human species itself. In any case, it is desirable that we should make ourselves sufficiently familiar with the relevant facts to prevent us from talking a lot of nonsense and from advocating measures calculated to lead to ends we do not desire. If we fail to realize the nature of the forces at work, it is idle to anticipate a sort of world Utopia, peopled by an ideal population, smaller than our present one, which, having reached the right stage of diminutiveness, will then remain practically static. Unless we understand the influences making for the decline, we shall not be in a position effectively to check it when the pace gets alarming.

To discover the causes making for infertility we shall have to probe deeply. Not only our social conventions and our systems of education will need to be examined but also the whole structure of our industrial life. An operation—as we were given to understand at a recent inquest—may be, from a narrow point of view, highly successful yet may end in the death of the patient. If we want the race to survive, we shall have to look

at the very foundation stones of our civilization—our religion, our ideals, our basic notions of the purpose and meaning of human life.

The fact that those who achieve the greatest social and economic success in our community are the individuals with the lowest fertility rate is in itself of sinister import. Our educational system seems to have been devised for and by introverts; and introversion and infertility are intimately related. A well-known eugenicist, Professor R. A. Fisher, has—somewhat ingenuously—warned his disciples that ‘the reformer must expect to encounter deep-seated opposition in the classes on which he would naturally rely for an intelligent anxiety for the future of their country, owing to the fact that many in these classes owe the social promotion of their forbears and their present prosperity less to the value of their services to society than to a congenital deficiency in their reproductive instincts.’ There can be no doubt that at present we are offering rewards to the infertile and hardships and difficulties to the fertile. A stockbreeder who worked on these lines would soon find himself in Queer Street. So, obviously, may we. Personal prudence—which is, in fact, a sort of cowardice—has been raised to the highest rank among the practical virtues. The pursuit of momentary self-indulgence and the avoidance of responsibilities are natural consequences.

Marriage, with the conventions and religious and emotional associations that grew round it, has until lately served as a moderately effective means of carrying on the race, of securing the preservation of child life, and of providing a reasonably suitable environ-

ment for the emotional, intellectual, and physical training of the next generation. Few impartial observers whose professional duties or other circumstances have brought them into close contact with the intimate realities of other people's lives will, I think, differ from me in concluding that marriage in the old sense is, for a growing number of sensitive people, an outworn institution. The old patriarchal type of family has served its purpose and had its day. Already the schools and other collective organizations have taken a very large measure of responsibility, and therefore of pride, from the fathers and mothers of our children. Industry is no longer carried on in the home; indeed, for millions of people the home has become nothing more than a sleeping place. There is nothing impossible in a man and a woman living together for the whole of their lives, voluntarily and deliberately, regardless of convention, regardless of duty—bound together by no ties but those of affection and genuine mutual attraction. But such a phenomenon is a comparative rarity. It does not typify the union of the average married couple. 'It is,' said Dr. Johnson, 'so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage that we find all the motives that they have for remaining in that connection and the restraints that civilized society imposes to prevent separation are hardly sufficient to keep them together.' Let us recognize the fact that, as socially useful instruments, marriage and the family are getting worn out. It is high time that we began to devise alternative machinery to take their place in the light of new circumstances, new intellectual capacities, and new emo-

tional demands. We need to remember that both occasional physiological sterility and the artificial sterility that an increasing number of people impose on themselves are of far less racial significance than is the emotional sterility and self-centredness for which our economic system, our schemes of education, and the debased religion that they have created are mainly responsible.

DOGS OF WAR. *By Francis Yeats-Brown. London: Peter Davies. 1934.*

(Douglas Jerrold in the *Sunday Times*, London)

IT IS a refreshing change for editors and reviewers to find a book, like this of Francis Yeats-Brown's, that, whatever its defects may be, is at least written for adults and not for adolescents. The distinction lies at the root of this pacifist controversy, and, unless we understand it, we shall ourselves never get down to those roots.

Pacifists, says Mr. Yeats-Brown shrewdly, have newly discovered the world of intellect. They have passed through the emotional stage and have not reached the stage of creative action, when mind and heart, rising above mere emotion, find creative expression in an irresistible act of will. That is what Parnell meant when he said you can set no bounds to the march of a nation, whereas everyone knows that you can set no bounds to the impotence of a conference.

Once, however, that fusion of mind and heart has energized a creed or a people, the desire for sacrifice transcends the desire for life, and the whole pacifist argument becomes an irrelevancy. It is because the creative will to action is the thing that women ever ask for in men that men will

never accept pacifism as long as women exist. That is why the argument about pacifism is for adolescents only, like films with 'sex appeal' or 'daring' novels.

It is because Mr. Yeats-Brown not only understands this, as every reader of *Bengal Lancer* would realize, but explains it that he has written a fine book. It is brilliantly adorned with reminiscences and descriptions of the northwest frontier, of Festubert in 1914, of Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918, and these passages, better, to my mind, than anything in *Bengal Lancer*, carry the controversy with Mr. Beverley Nichols beyond the plane of argument. Their purpose is to awaken an intuitive understanding of life at high tension.

The inspiration of these moments was not the desire to kill, nor the desire to survive, but the momentary, fleeting, perhaps even quickly regretted, exaltation that comes from the readiness to accept life as it is without reservation, without regret.

Not all these passages recall moments of physical conflict. 'Dawn at Vallombrosa' finds the author panting up a hill to see the sun rise over the Apennines: 'There is battle in my lungs, the heat is working overtime, my skin is coming back from the dead, my heart thumps in the surrounding silence. . . . I see, glorying as I am in exercise, that the perfect health of the world would not be a state of perfect peace . . . the armies of my blood are ravaging territories of sloth.'

Elsewhere, the same point. 'True health, like true peace, is not a patching up of decrepitude but a jubilant acceptance of life as a whole.' To the so-called Christian case for pacifism Mr. Yeats-Brown returns a direct

negative. To a Christian, the doctrine that injustice to others must be tolerated for the sake of peace to ourselves is, of course, a blasphemous perversion of the Christian teaching that we must not use force for our own selfish ends. 'We must see to it,' writes the author in a fine passage, 'that if we fall behind the high teaching of Christ, it shall be the bodies rather than the souls of men that perish.'

Mr. Yeats-Brown deals faithfully with Mr. Beverley Nichols's arguments as far as they will stand examination and is merciless, and effectively so, with Sir Norman Angell, but it is not as a controversialist that he scores. He scores in his ability to carry the argument beyond the stage of controversy. He could perhaps have buttressed his argumentative position more securely if he had read Sir Arthur Keith's brilliant essay on the place of prejudice in civilization, in which the great scientist has asked us to consider 'the price you must pay for a de-racialized world.' Major Yeats-Brown, indeed, touches on this. 'There are things more important than saving our skins; saving our souls is more important and telling the truth.' We may have to tell the truth with our right hands before the world will accept our witness, and truth unwitnessed dies. It is mortally sick to-day. I should like to see a sequel to *Dogs of War* from the same author on *Telling the Truth*.

(C. E. M. Joad in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

The English are frequently and justly envied because of their faculty for making capital out of their disabilities. If an Englishman finds him-

self unable to avoid doing or suffering something disagreeable he proceeds to turn it to moral account, affirming that he does it from a sense of duty and suffers for the good of his soul. Major Yeats-Brown is particularly fortunate in this respect. Knowing war to be inevitable, he is convinced that it is noble. Yes, even modern war is noble. He quotes de Quincey with approval: 'War has a deeper and more ineffable relation to hidden grandeurs in man than has yet been deciphered'; and comments complacently: 'Millions of my generation have seen and touched this grandeur.' 'We know,' he adds, 'we of this generation, how great those days were!' (I think of men dying of typhus, crawling with lice, and coughing up their gas-filled lungs. I think of men maimed for life, blinded for life, maddened for life; of a street in Germany in 1919 where children with rickety limbs and the pinched, yellow faces that proclaimed chronic undernourishment were struggling for some scraps of food. . . . 'Grandeur'? Well, perhaps, to some tastes.) He walks meditatively through the battlefields and along the Bruges-Zeebrugge canal, feeling 'the glory of sacrifice that haunts these places.' (I think of my best friend strung up on a barbed wire fence, partially disemboweled, praying during fifteen long hours for a bullet to put him out of his agony. . . . 'Glory of sacrifice'? Well, well!)

Major Yeats-Brown has much to say of ennobling danger and ignoble security. Geneva is rebuked because it 'has no bread to offer but the stone of safety'; while conflict is praised as 'valuable to humanity.' War evokes in him the same mystical emotions that in previous works were aroused

by Yogi. 'Tears,' he confides, 'come to my eyes at the sight of great ships and brave flags'—a characteristic that, he informs us, he shares 'with the Sitwell charwoman.' There is also talk of 'Dawn at Vallombrosa' and the 'Sea Wrack of Trafalgar'; the Holy Blood is introduced, Saint Januarius is prayed to, inevitably the Muezzin sounds, and women are invoked as 'the heart of heroes.'

Well and good, or well and bad, according to your tastes. But what *is* odd is to find this mystical admirer of pain, this enthusiast for danger, this scorner of safety, seeking to establish precisely those conditions that, if he is right, obviate pain, preclude danger, ensure safety, and so degrade the human race. Though not a pacifist, he is, he says, 'a peace lover.' He clamors for more airplanes because 'they will promote peace not war' and grumbles with indignation, as if he were the national bowels, because the Government's defense policy is endangering the country and making for war. But if war is inevitable, why the fuss? If ennobling, why the alarm?

I wish I could understand what the Major would really be at. I have tried very hard, but I must confess that he baffles me. He writes quite nicely, but, the fact must, alas, be admitted, he does not think very well. He has a good style, but a poor mind. As for his immortal soul, anybody who thinks that the blinding, scorching, dismembering, and asphyxiating of human beings is morally elevating is a case for the psychoanalyst; an earlier generation would have said for the Devil. And so, commending Major Yeats-Brown to the consulting room or to Hades according to our theology, let us take leave of him.

THE OLD INNS OF ENGLAND. By A. E. Richardson. With a Foreword by Sir Edwin Lutyens. London: Batsford. 1934.

(G. K. Chesterton in the *Spectator*, London)

A MAN seeking comfort in the full human sense, which includes both tradition and liberty, will make his way, if he can, toward the old English inn; just as he will flee, howling with horror and panic, from Ye Olde English Inne. It is of the nature of this noble institution that it is ruined by sham archaism as much as by showy modern novelty. Perhaps it is the only disadvantage (for it can hardly be called a fault) in Mr. A. E. Richardson's most interesting book, with Mr. Brian Cook's beautiful drawings and many photographs almost as artistic as any drawings, that the illustrations do slightly deflect, if not falsify, the study that they illustrate. It would be absurd to object to pictures because they are picturesque. But it is quite possible to put the wrong emphasis on old inns by merely insisting that they are picturesque. Some of them are too picturesque to be inns; some of them too picturesque to be old; but none of them need be too picturesque to make pleasing studies for the artist or the artistic photographer. And there is always a shade of danger in thus pleasantly presenting such things first to the eye and only afterward to the mind, the danger of suggesting that old inns are old in the sense of dead, that they are ruins to be visited by moonlight, like Stonehenge or the Colosseum. The only being who is a shade more wicked than the man who destroys an inn is the man who resurrects an inn in a spirit vaguely suggesting

that he has dug up a dolmen or a pyramid. Tradition is not even traditional unless it is modern as well as ancient. The truly traditional thing is that which has been alive all the time and is alive still. There are still such ancient inns alive in England, but it does not follow that the inn that is the most worth drawing is the most worth drinking in; and any good artist can do something with a black-timbered front or a quaint heraldic sign, even though he might find it more difficult to make a mystic and imaginative design of the soul of a good innkeeper.

Subject to this inevitable clash of considerations, there is nothing but praise to be given to both the aspects of the work. I have no pretensions to the learning required to check all Mr. Richardson's suggestions about the origin of some of the inn names, but I am glad to see that he avoids some derivations that have been given before now in works of reference, which have always seemed to me very far-fetched and pedantic. He seems to be doubtful about the notion that 'The Devil and Bag o' Nails' stands for a satyr with bacchanals, and it certainly seems to me that common country folk would be familiar with the devil and with bags and nails as common incidents of our mortal life, whereas the Bacchic pageant could only have got on to an inn sign by some curious and unique accident. He seems equally doubtful about the similar alleged connection between 'The Goat and Compasses' and the devout ejaculation of 'God Encompasseth Us.' 'The compasses are more likely to be masonic, and "The Glove and Compasses," still found, is possibly derived from the joiners' arms.'

But I have seen in some popular encyclopedia or other examples of this ingenious avoidance of the obvious, which he does not mention at all, possibly because he thinks they are not worth mentioning. I have seen the statement that 'The Cat and the Fiddle' was a popular perversion of *Caton Fidèle*, accompanied with a portrait of Faithful Cato, presumably so depicted as to resemble either a fiddle or a cat. It is possible that such learned interpretations may be correct; I have admitted that I have not the learning to correct them. But, considering that the Cat and the Fiddle are the first figures mentioned in a perfectly familiar English nursery rhyme, it seems rather easier to connect them with an English public-house than to imagine the simple publican so inflamed with enthusiasm for the Stoic ideals of an ancient Roman senator (of all people) that he felt impelled to write a eulogy of him, in French, on the sign inviting the villager to have a pot of beer.

In any case, the more popular forms of the names, whether they are original or derived, are full of the spirit of the ancient inn and the comedy of English country life. It was a life of cats and fiddles and bags and nails and goats and, I need hardly add, devils. And that life, as it was lived in the inn, or discussed in the inn, or joked about or lied about in the inn, was the jolly and genuinely human life that is the spring of all our national literature. When all is said, the inside of an inn is more important than the outside of an inn, and that is the only warning that need be added to the work done here by the author and the artist. The interior facts that make for the genuineness of a good

inn nearly all resolve themselves into one principle. The difference between an inn and a mere hotel, like the huge hotels of America, is that an inn is also a home, the home of the innkeeper. The rooted popular habit even now refers to it as a 'house.' And it belongs, or rather it ought to belong, to the man who 'keeps the house'; I need not dwell here on the detestable economic evils that in modern times have turned that master into a servant. His public hospitality, like private hospitality, should be an extension of domesticity. There should be a family as the heart of the house, even if its body is as big as an hotel. That is why it is not unimportant that it should have a cat—and, under reasonable control, a fiddle.

FASCISM AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By R. Palme Dutt. London: Martin Lawrence. 1934.

(From the *New Leader*, London)

TO SAY that this long-awaited book has more than fulfilled our expectations would be to be guilty of gross understatement. We knew from experience that Palme Dutt could not produce a shoddy book; we had expected a well-rounded, carefully worked production, penetrating in its analysis and vigorous in its writing. We have got that, but we have got it far more thoroughly planned, far more brilliantly executed, than even the best of Dutt's previous work could have led us to anticipate.

The general soundness of the analysis of Fascism is indisputable. He shows that Fascism is rooted in the economic changes occurring through the breakdown of imperialism and that its essence, although expressed

through varied forms, is consequently to be found in all capitalist countries.

'Fascism is no peculiar, independent doctrine and system arising in opposition to existing capitalist society. Fascism, on the contrary, is the most complete and consistent working out, in certain conditions of extreme decay, of the most typical tendencies and policies of modern capitalism.'

And again: 'The sum total of the policies of modern capitalism provides already in essence and in germ the sum total of the policies of Fascism. But they are not yet complete Fascism.' What, then, is 'complete Fascism'?

'The specific character of complete Fascism lies in the means adopted toward the realization of these policies in the new social and political mechanism built up for their realization.'

This mechanism consists of the creation of a special Fascist militia and the employment of methods combining demagoguery and terrorism in equal proportions. The Fascist movement consists of 'mixed elements, dominantly petty bourgeois but also slum proletarian and demoralized working class, financed and directed by finance-capital, by the big industrialists, landlords, and financiers, to defeat the working-class revolution and smash the working-class organizations.'

Dutt deals effectively with the fallacy that this 'dominantly petty-bourgeois' movement is capable of carrying through a middle-class revolution and organizing the independent political power of the middle classes against both capitalists and workers. He shows that 'he who pays the piper calls the tune' to good effect in both Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany to-

day. It is the bankers and industrialists who are in control, and the so-called corporate state, built on the ruins of the working-class organizations, is shown to be a patent sham, devised for no other purpose but to deprive the workers of their strike weapon and to restore the 'elasticity of wages' so urgently demanded by capitalism in decay.

The whole of this analysis is excellent and needs to be studied with great care and with full attention to the wealth of statistical material that the author produces in support of his case.

Naturally, there are omissions,—there is no reference to Sir William Morris's League of Industry or to Harold Macmillan's plans for 'organized capitalism,' and there is in general a rather inadequate treatment of the British situation—but these are defects due probably to the necessity of compressing a vast amount of matter into the compass of a five-shilling book.

Unfortunately there are more serious defects than these. The value of the book is vitiated—as we had reluctantly been compelled to expect—by the author's utterly partisan attitude toward the question of the respective rôles of the Social-Democratic and Communist Parties in Germany and Austria.

The Social-Democratic Party is dismissed as the 'open agents' of the bourgeoisie. On the other hand, the Communist Party is whitewashed immaculate from head to foot, and not one single contrasting spot of self-criticism is allowed to spoil its virgin beauty.

We are told, for example, that the German Social-Democratic Party underestimated the danger of Fascism in

1932. We are not told that the Communist Party of Germany made precisely the same mistake, and that prominent leaders, including Thaelman himself, were saying after the November, 1932, elections, that Fascism had passed its zenith and must henceforth decline.

We are told that the united-front tactics of the German Communist Party were perfectly correct, but we are not told that the entire strategy of the Party was based on the principle of directing 'the main blow' against Social Democracy rather than against the bourgeoisie or the Fascists. In fact, the whole theory of Social Fascism is brought out and made the basis of what must inevitably be a false analysis of the strategy and tactics of the working-class movement in the epoch of Fascist imperialism.

This incorrect analysis of Social Democracy leads the author into some remarkable distortions in favor of his case, such, for example, as the statement that the Socialist League approves 'an intensified dictatorship within the capitalist state.' The author has obviously failed to see that the class content of the labor parties must be distinguished from the petty-bourgeois and Social-Fascist policies that have been grafted on to them and that have only been able to flourish as a result of the 'bourgeoisification' of the workers in the period of expanding imperialism.

That epoch is now closed, and the breakdown of imperialism, which first became clear to the masses in 1931-32, is producing a revolution of thought within the rank and file that must eventually result in the bursting of the bonds of an organization whose structure and policy belong to a past now

dead. And that means that Fascism may yet be prevented in this and other capitalist countries by the rapid transformation in outlook of the formerly reformist masses.

QU'EST-CE QU'UN FRANÇAIS? By Wladimir d'Ormesson. Paris: Editions Spes. 1934.

VUE CAVALIÈRE DE L'EUROPE. By Wladimir d'Ormesson. Paris: Maurice d'Hartois. 1934.

(Pierre Dominique in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

M. WLADIMIR D'ORMESSON has just given us two books. One of them, *Cavalier View of Europe*, is like everything this excellent political writer does. It consists of a series of ingenious, curious essays, many of them new and all of them filled with original points of view and independent criticism. The other, *What is a Frenchman?*, deserves high rank in any library. It is of interest not only for its political content; it also appeals to every inhabitant of a certain hexagonal area that is so well balanced, so marvelously endowed by nature, so rich in the memories of twenty centuries, an area peopled by a nation that is at once so strong and so delicate, so wise and so foolish, so powerful and so light, and, with its necessary imperfection, so amorous of perfection.

M. Wladimir d'Ormesson takes three Frenchmen, three Frenchmen whom we have known, for each of us has seen these three men—Clémenteau, Poincaré, and Briand. Two of them have died; the third has retired from the world. To the question, 'What is a Frenchman?' M. d'Ormesson replies: 'Stop, here are three of them.' Different as they may be, they

represent nevertheless three authentic types. Look at them. Study them. Each one of them is entirely himself, yet they all have the same bearing.

Clémenceau is the soldier—brutal, fond of struggle, critical, a little mad, excellent for a sudden thrust, for a hard blow, one of those men people are afraid of, and who, for that reason, spends years in the arsenal like a gun until suddenly, when the tragic day arrives, there he is. Our villages are filled with men of this stamp. They poach game in the woods, they make trouble in their regiments, the Legion is full of them, and so is the street when the riots begin. These are the men of the Paris Commune, the soldiers of the second year of the Revolution, the conquerors of the Marne. Occasionally devout, often cynics, they do not lack ideals and find their equilibrium only in the storm.

Poincaré is the civil magistrate, the notary public, the bailiff, the clerk, the jurist, never given to excess in his loves, his hates, or his speech. He despises excess because he sees in it a lack of poise. For these Frenchmen have poise, which is often more difficult to come by and more lasting than honor. An almost inexhaustible reservoir of living power, the group they belong to is fed by all the new streams that pour down from the primitive mountains of the proletariat and the peasantry. These waters appear dead when they are retained and held in these forms, but they are silent and profound and their powerful obedience will set as many turbines as you wish in motion.

Briand is a romantic, a son of Victor Hugo, devoted to his ideal, an orator, a musician who sings as he marches toward the Promised Land.

Jaurès, another great Frenchman, who was one part peasant, one part professor and one part poet, belonged to this group. But in Briand the professor is less in evidence, and it is the priest who carries the day—the priest-diplomat who is as much at home in the lobbies as on the speaker's tribune, an opportunist by temperament, a negotiator by vocation, a pacifier who adapts points of view at a time when Poincaré estimates and discounts them and Clémenceau quarrels and fights.

M. d'Ormesson might be said to be dreaming of the Three Estates with Clémenceau representing the nobility, Briand the clergy, and Poincaré the Third Estate. For do not imagine that anything has ever changed in France. The three orders still exist,—titles and robes make no difference,—and beneath these trappings the French still exist, too, servitors of moderation and lovers of perfection.

LA PENSÉE ET LE MOUVANT. By Henri Bergson. Paris: Librairie Alcan. 1934.

(Charles Werner in the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

THIS volume is the pendant to *Spiritual Energy*, which appeared in 1919. Like its predecessor, it assembles articles and lectures, most of them impossible to come upon elsewhere. This time the assembled studies bear principally on the philosophic method as this illustrious author understands it. Thus we find in this volume that great article, 'The Introduction to Metaphysics,' which appeared in 1903 in the *Revue de métaphysique et de morale*, and the communication on philosophic intuition that M. Bergson addressed to the Congress of Philosophy at Bologna in 1911. It was during the same year

that he delivered his celebrated lectures at Oxford on the perception of change, and they too are reproduced here. These three items alone, not to mention many others, would be enough to give the collection exceptional importance.

But the new volume contains more. It opens with a long, unpublished introduction that fills the first third of the book. Here M. Bergson returns to the fundamental ideas of his philosophy and defines their meaning and significance. It is an essay of the first importance and throws light on certain essential points. Future historians of philosophy cannot fail to draw inspiration from it. As for us, it aids us to gain a better understanding of a work that seems loftier and more profound the further it recedes into the distance and the longer we can contemplate it as a whole.

Describing the origin of his doctrine, M. Bergson tells us that in his youth he was devoted to Spencer's philosophy because it seemed to show more respect than any other for facts based on experience. But in meditating on the idea of evolution as presented by Spencer, he perceived that it did not allow for real time. In a more general way he discovered that real time entirely escapes mathematics. Measuring time means measuring a motionless line, but time itself is essentially mobile. The consciousness we have of our interior condition makes us feel this clearly. To our consciousness time is a real duration, in other words, a movement of perpetual creation.

This discovery led M. Bergson to reflect that the human intelligence tries to escape from real time. Feeling at ease only in a condition of fixity, the intelligence conceives of movement as

merely a series of positions. It divides change into a succession of different conditions, each of which it considers invariable. It is because it has too frequently accepted the intellectual representation of movement and change that it has been able to seize only the shadow of liberty. Refusing to see that duration always brings with it something new, it prefers to suppose that the future exists in the present.

Hence it is not surprising that M. Bergson's study of duration led him to the problem of freedom. His first work, *Time and Free Will*, drew the distinction between pure duration and its symbolic aspect. It showed that freedom exists only in duration. Thus he resolved the contradiction that Kant had discovered between time and freedom.

If it is true that the intelligence does not take account of real time, do we not possess some other faculty to which time is more clearly revealed? In answering this question M. Bergson delivers himself of a new conception of intuition. His introduction gives us precious enlightenment on a problem that is much discussed and often misunderstood. He distinguishes very clearly between his own ideas and all those that were produced before him. Philosophers who contrast intuition and intelligence believe that the intelligence functions in time. Hence intuition had to emerge from time in order to surpass the intelligence. That is why they define intuition as the apprehension of the eternal.

In reality, however, M. Bergson tells us that intelligence eliminates real time. Intuition consists precisely in returning one's self to the stream of duration and grasping the mobile es-

sence of things. Intuition is exactly this. It has to do with interior duration. It is the direct vision of the mind through the mind. To think intuitively means to think, not under the aspect of eternity, but under the aspect of duration.

IT IS from this point of view that M. Bergson has established the distinction between science and philosophy. Science has matter for its object, and its origin is the intelligence. Philosophy or metaphysics, which amounts to the same thing, has for its object the mind, and its origin is intuition. In his new book M. Bergson has made a point of indicating that he does not look down on science. Between positive science and philosophy there is a difference of method, not a difference of value. Both deal with the same reality, but each confines itself to only half of this reality. It is a mistake to consider philosophy as superior to science on the ground that it is concerned with a more complete and higher field of knowledge. This conception has no respect for the laws of philosophy or of science. The truth is that science and philosophy have different objects and that each in its own way and in its own direction can reach the bottom of things and attain the absolute.

I must confine myself to these points of prime importance. All who love philosophy will read this introduction in which the master has expressed his doctrine with admirable clarity. In reading it they cannot fail to resume studying his whole system. Each reader will then reflect for himself on the problems he has encountered during his studies and on the solution presented.

The best proof of the fertility of any doctrine is the amount of discussion it arouses, the impetus it gives to one's thought. It will be the task of future metaphysicians to do full justice to the philosophy of duration, to incorporate all its living substance and to add to it new depths. Doctrines refute each other only to add one truth to another. As M. Bergson himself wishes us to believe, philosophy develops by a process of growth that retains all the conquests of the past.

Whatever the future evolution of philosophy may be, it will retain M. Bergson's ideas about it and about its relationship to science. It is definitely true that the mind is the object of philosophy and matter the object of positive science. M. Bergson possesses the immense merit of having restored metaphysics as the science of the mind. Before him philosophy remained warped by the criticism of Kant and Auguste Comte, though of course in Germany the criticism of Kant was overcome in the first half of the nineteenth century by a magnificent burst of metaphysics. This, however, shortly led to a reaction and people again began respecting the limits within which Kant had tried to confine the human mind.

In France, Comte proclaimed that metaphysics had become obsolete and that positive science contained the whole of human knowledge. It is against this positivism and the doctrine of Kant that M. Bergson's philosophy arrays itself. Just as one proves motion by walking, he proves that the function of metaphysics is to grasp the mind in its living activity as creative power, as absolute freedom. It will be the honor of our time

that it has given birth to this idea, which continues in an original way the metaphysical labors begun in Greece more than two thousand years ago. From now on this great philosophy will appear to us as an essential stage in the long and sublime effort of the mind to unriddle the mystery of the universe and to descend into its own interior abyss.

LE CHANT DU MONDE. By Jean Giono.
Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.
1934.

(Gabriel Marcel in *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

I ENTIRELY agree with M. Henry Bidou that *Song of the World* is a great book. I am not sure that it is M. Giono's most accomplished work, but it is certainly his most ample one and the one that opens the widest perspectives.

Every day it becomes more clear to me how many of those people who try to appreciate the literature and art of our time have no sense of cultural hierarchies. No doubt this is inevitable, but I think that criticism has a heavy responsibility here. No external consideration, no human respect, no thought of circumspection should stop the critics from at least tending to pass judgments, the lack of which would only add to our mental confusion. But the first step is always to have an immediate sense of the rank that any given writer occupies in contemporary letters.

Now a certain young critic whose lively intelligence I hold in high esteem but who is chary with his enthusiasm has declared that *Song of the World* reminded him more of unreadable Alexandrine verse than of Homeric poetry. I do not believe that he

could have missed the mark more completely. It is infinitely doubtful that any writer in our time can really remind us of Homer,—unless, perhaps, he is a Serb or a Finn, in which case we should distrust our impressions of him,—but this makes it all the clearer to me that M. Giono is one of those very rare writers to-day who are not decadent. He never plays with words, he never gives himself over to verbal juggling that finally becomes so tiresome, so affected. I do not say that he does not fatigue us, but, if he does, the effect is like a day spent in the open air, in the sun and wind, that make us feel sleepy. I agree that his dialogue is often obscure and that it sometimes seems artificial, though I am no judge of how accurately he has transcribed the speech of peasants. But I cannot repeat too often that when real grandeur comes our way, whether by chance or by a miracle, we must have the courage to recognize it at once.

I shall say only a few words about the subject of this poem in which nature, the seasons, the elements are the real protagonists and human beings are mere forces, ephemeral incarnations of superabundant energy. Let me simply remark that M. Giono does not himself express these pantheistic metaphysics in so many words; rather do they flow through his book.

The action takes place in a countryside that cannot be found on any map but that resembles the Upper Provence. It is an Upper Provence without railroads or automobiles. The author has disengaged it from time by removing its thin coating of civilization. Thus the book is at the same time minutely localized and released from the fetters of activity of any kind. It

strikes me as an almost unique achievement in our literature.

It seems there was a woodcutter known as Matelot because he had once been a sailor. He had twins, one of whom died; the other, a red-headed fellow, started out two months before the scene opens on a shipment of wood floating down the river. Antonio, the fisherman, never saw him pass. What became of him? The man of the forest and the man of the river start out in search of the vanished twin. On their way they meet Clara, a blind woman, who has just given birth to a little girl and who arouses a mysterious tenderness in the rude Antonio. Later he marries her, and he communicates to the blind woman the sentiment of the universe that she will never see. This whole episode possesses an extraordinary and unforgettable beauty.

Not until they arrive in the town do the two men discover what has happened to the twin. He has run away with Gina, the daughter of the rich and powerful Maudru who owns the biggest herd in the neighborhood. He also killed Maudru's nephew, who was claiming his cousin's hand in marriage, and now he is hiding with Gina in the house of the healer Toussaint, who is his mother's brother. It is there that Matelot and Antonio find him. A regular war then breaks out between the three men and the partisans of

Maudru. Matelot is killed, but Antonio and the twin take revenge by setting fire to Tuferlaire, Maudru's big farm, and his bulls are burned alive. This whole scene possesses an epic grandeur. But for my part I prefer the more peaceful pages that fill the book, especially the admirable descriptive passages. The reader does not know exactly how the tempest ends: Antonio has found Clara again, the twin and Gina are with them, and they are floating on the same raft.

'Antonio guided the raft into the shade and then into the light. He could tell when Clara wanted the shade. He saw by the way her mouth moved, by the way one corner of it extended into her cheek as she sighed. Then he would shove the raft into the shade. He knew when Clara wanted the light, and would shove the raft that way. He knew when Clara wanted to be under the branches, and he would shove the raft under the low-hanging foliage, and the fresh leaves would brush against Clara's face. He was inside Clara. He knew what she wanted better than she did. His joy was her joy. He was enveloped by her. His blood touched her blood, his flesh against her flesh, mouth to mouth, like two bottles the contents of which are poured from one to the other and back again as they both glow with the same wine.'

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

HUMOR FROM YUGOSLAVIA

RODA RODA, one of the most popular light essayists in Germany, has just produced a book of humorous popular stories that he collected in Yugoslavia. Nearly all of them have to do with some piece of trickery or deception practised in the normal course of the day's business. Few have any reference to sex. Here are several samples.

'A certain man had two unruly sons. Every day they would get into a fight with their father, mistreat him, and pull his beard. On one occasion some trivial matter led to a terrific struggle. One son seized his father by the head, the other by the feet, and they threw him out of the room. They picked him up again and threw him into the courtyard, then out of the courtyard into the garden, and they would certainly have thrown him over the fence into the open field if he had not shouted, "Stop, you rascals. Enough. I never threw your holy grandfather beyond the fence."

'The gypsy had brought corn to the mill and was waiting for it to be ground into meal. While the miller was handling somebody else's grain, the gypsy took the opportunity to sneak some meal belonging to somebody else into his sack. The miller stopped him. "Hey, you, are you crazy, putting somebody else's meal in your sack?" The gypsy replied, "Little father, if I were crazy, I should be putting my own meal in somebody else's sack."

'Once upon a time a man appeared in Bagdad who claimed that he could read the thoughts of others. At once crowds gathered about him. The Caliph Memun heard about this, had the man summoned, and questioned him: "You want

to be a prophet. Good. Do you know what I am thinking now?"

"Noble sir," replied the man, "you are thinking that I am a liar and not a prophet at all."

"Go your way," said the Caliph, "and continue punishing fools for their folly."

'The Mufti said: "All evil comes from women. Mankind would be happy if there were no women."

"No," replied the Hodja. "There are innumerable happy marriages, and all of man's salvation comes from women."

'Thus they disputed and could not end their argument. "Let the majority decide," suggested the Mufti. "The congregation has gathered. We shall lay the question before them."

'They entered the mosque and cried, "All those who are not happy with their wives, stand up." Immediately the entire congregation arose except for one old man who remained seated. "Well, there is one happy man anyway," said the Hodja and he went over to the old fellow and asked him, "Is n't it true, old man, you did not get up because you have a fine wife?"

"Not at all," replied the old man. "I have a bad leg that my wife is trying to cure."

'A pious dervish stopped at the house of a landowner during his wanderings and was splendidly cared for. After a week had passed the landowner's wife said to her husband, "Master, see here, you must send the dervish away. He is eating us into poverty."

"I cannot, woman. It would be a sin to drive the holy pilgrim from our door."

'Another week passed and the landowner's wife said, "Master, see here, you must send the dervish away. We have nothing left to eat in the house."

'The dervish sat in the garden watching

the stars in their courses when the landowner appeared, pulled a long face, and said, "Noble father, a thousand thanks for having blessed my poor house with your holy presence, but it seems to be the will of Allah that I must now permit somebody else to enjoy the honor. Our last sheep and our last dates are gone."

"The man of God bowed gravely and replied, "So be it. Wake me early tomorrow morning so that I can continue on my holy pilgrimage."

"The next morning, as the stars were growing faint, the landowner nudged the dervish's shoulder. "Awake, man of God, for your pilgrimage. The cock has crowed."

"What, you still have a cock?" said the dervish, and turned over on the other side to continue his slumbers."

FAVORITE FILMS OF FOREIGN WRITERS

THE *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* recently asked a number of prominent European writers what they considered the best motion picture they had ever seen, and of the fourteen replies that came back seven mentioned some film of Charlie Chaplin's. Four mentioned films directed by René Clair, two mentioned Eisenstein's *Potemkin*, and two others mentioned *The Road to Life* and Maxim Gorki's *Mother*, both Soviet productions. Seven writers named more than one film, and six named one each—*The Kid*, *The Gold Rush*, *The Phantom President*, and *Chang*,—all American productions,—Selma Lagerlöf modestly voting for the picturization of one of her own books, *The Coachman of Death*, and the Italian author, Augusto Giacometti, voting for a French surrealist film, *Le Cbien andalou*. Here are the rest of the titles mentioned: *Henry VIII* (English), *The Life of the Plants* (German), *Sous les Toits de Paris* (French), *Don Quixote* (French and English), *Trouble in Paradise* (directed by Ernst Lubitsch in Hollywood), *The Last*

Command (starring Emil Jannings and produced in Hollywood), *Abel mit der Mundharmonika* (German), *Mickey Mouse* (American), *Mädchen in Uniform* (German), *Poil de carotte* (French), and *Jeanne d'Arc* (French). Knut Hamsun submitted no choices but wrote, "I do not go to the cinema for these two reasons: I am so deaf that I cannot hear what is said, and I have not time to read the captions in the short periods they are thrown upon the screen."

Some of the comments that came in are worth reproducing. Thomas Mann wrote: "I have come very reluctantly to take any pleasure in the screen, which always used to leave a bad taste in my mouth. But in so far as a film is technically and artistically adequate I take an interest in its charm and its novel possibilities and have even developed a certain passion for playing the rôle of spectator. Often, when I am traveling in a strange city, I spend some time indulging this taste. Of course, the impressions left are fleeting and impermanent: lively and disturbing as one's emotions may be at the time, one forgets them very quickly, almost like a dream, and nothing remains. Experiences with truly spiritual art are a very different matter."

Herr Mann then proceeded to list his favorite pictures as *The Last Command*, *Joan of Arc*, *The Gold Rush*, *Mother*, *Sous les Toits de Paris*, and *Abel mit der Mundharmonika*.

Joseph Roth, author of *Job* and *Radetzky March*, wrote as follows about *The Kid*, with Charlie Chaplin: "Perhaps other films with Chaplin have more technical and artistic significance, but I am neither an expert nor a regular cinema-goer. When I see a film, it is impossible for me to dissociate it from the stuff it contains, from its "subject." In my lay opinion all Chaplin's films differ from others not because they are more skillfully composed but because Chaplin himself selects better film material at the very start. A good artistic film cannot exist without a

poetic foundation. All other so-called "artistic" films are purely artificial. What I consider original and unique in *The Kid* is that it depicts love, not as a dubious blood relationship, but as the love of a man for a child, making it just like the love of a natural mother for her natural child.'

RUSSIA'S LITERARY CONGRESS

THE writers of Soviet Russia are preparing for a literary congress that is destined to shake the world. For months past articles have borne such headlines as 'In Preparation for the Forthcoming Congress.' The general tone has been reminiscent of a Harvard captain's pep talk to the team on the eve of the Yale game. And now comes this last word of warning from Ilia Ehrenburg:—

'A few days ago in Paris a meeting of writers was called together to decide for whom and for what they were writing. There were conservative æsthetes among them, as well as men who are seriously devoted to the proletarian cause. They argued till that fateful hour when the last subway train in Paris leaves the station. Some of them said that they wrote for God; others that they wrote for the publishers. Julien Benda, the philosopher and humanist, asserted that the artist's business was "contemplation." Apparently they quite forgot that Julien Benda is now at the head of the anti-Fascist committee, that same Julien Benda who fears all shirts, whether brown or blue, and wishes to save culture by "contemplation."

'The position of revolutionary writers in western Europe is tragic indeed. The workers, worn out by rationalization, confused by the press, by the movies, and by debased, mechanized pleasures, scarcely read at all. André Malraux was justified in saying that the revolutionary French writer cannot hope to write for the proletariat; he is bound to write against the bourgeoisie and for it.

'The attack of Fascism on cultural values, the loneliness of genuine artists, the burning pyres of Berlin, the tragic fate of a master such as André Gide, all these things emphasize the rôle of our own Soviet literature. The truth about the triumph of the working class reached the western intelligentsia not only through statistics but also, and above all, through the books of Soviet writers. Why did André Gide join our ranks? Why did thousands of others come over to our side, professors and artists, poets and mathematicians? Simply because our country guarantees the growth and development of the living man. André Gide said to me: "I am so sorry that I cannot return with you. I know that the dream of my life is being realized in your country, the exaltation and glorification of man. Is it not true that the Soviet Government is like an ant-hill? Capitalism kills man. Socialism guarantees him the right to life, simplicity, humanity, and all those things that some people call common joys."

'André Gide learned the truth about our country through Soviet novels. We know how weak and wavering our literature is. It often drops back into a sort of childlike speech, but we all can write, and we must work hard. My own example proves the case. I compare my books with the works of bourgeois writers. They know their trade infinitely better than I, but they have the experience of centuries behind them, they merely copy beautiful models, and their art is not even a still life but an old etching, covered with dust, on the wall of some forgotten academy.

'Our work is new and difficult, and that is why every western reader is uncertain as he opens each new translation of a Soviet novel. That is why the western writers, who understand the tragedy of their own position, expect so much from our forthcoming literary congress. This congress must remind the world that Soviet literature is not only a weapon to be used in time of war but a warm hearthstone that draws its heat from our love.

I remember that our critics used to argue what to do with truly artistic creations that are directed against socialism, but that is the idle talk of bookworms. In 1934 it is impossible to write magnificently against socialism, because such creations will either be powerless and dead or, against the author's own intent, will proclaim themselves on our side.'

WHY THEY LEFT PARIS

STRANGE things occur when an idea comes to us and says: 'I am true and it's up to you to prove me.' That is what happened to Maurice Coriem. He knew Paris, he knew the Parisians; and the two did not fit. Then this idea came to him: 'To learn about a place, a time, a city, we should question not those who dwell in them but those who have fled them. The man who leaves has reasons that are quite unknown to the man who remains.' That was the starting point. From there Maurice Coriem went to the police files and examined the section marked 'Disappearances'—all the people who between 1888 and 1933 sought the bluebird beyond the gates of Paris. The best and most typical of these have found their way to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

With not more than three exceptions, which can be classified as cases of mental derangement, all these fugitives fall into two categories—children leaving their parents and women forsaking their husbands. In the first group we have a story dating back to 1888:—

'Monsieur le Commissaire,

'We should like to call your attention to the fact that our daughter disappeared from the home of her parents during the evening of May 20, 1888, that is to say, yesterday. When we went to the commissariat in the evening, your secretary told us that our request would be given attention, but we have had no news, and both the child's mother and I are very unhappy. An inspector told me that no accidents had happened on the road that

could explain the child's disappearance. Consider that she is just sixteen. And she worked for Madame D., our neighbor, a seamstress on rue du Roi-de-Sicile.

'We waited for her, but she did not return. She hardly ever went out except with her mother or her married sister (Madame R. who lives at Villeneuve-le-Roi). Of course, she went to work alone, right around the corner.

'We beg you to do everything in your power for two unfortunate parents, who send you their respectful greetings.

'Léon A., rue de la Verrerie, no. . . .'

Then a white sheet of paper, in the handwriting of an employee of the police bureau:—

'Husband A., rue de la Verrerie, no. . . . Angèle A., 16 years old. Blue skirt, light blouse, blond, well developed for her age.

'Seamstress. Photograph attached. Relatives in the neighborhood. No boy friends or girl friends, as far as the parents or the employer know.

'Herewith attached a piece of paper given to us by Monsieur A., which was found in the young girl's desk drawer. The handwriting is not hers. Her family are unable to identify it.'

Then comes an eight-line poem, pledging the eternal fidelity of the writer. It could have been written only by a very young person. It is unsigned.

The report of Inspector G. of the General Information Bureau reads:—

'When we came to take them, young André B. cried that there was nothing for him to do but die, in which opinion he was upheld by Angèle A. They both had lived in the hotel for a few days and had given their married name as D., which is the name of Angèle A.'s employer. But the hotel keeper was suspicious of the young people's youth, and he also noticed that they never went out and engaged in no occupation. According to their story, which seems sincere, they did not have sexual intercourse, young André B. sleeping on a mattress on the floor. The two

young people consented to come with me and be returned to their families.'

Note. André B., 17 years old, was a grocer's clerk, rue de la Verrerie, right next to Madame D.'s shop, where Angèle worked.

Skipping thirty-five years we come to another story about two runaway children, and it is interesting to contrast the simplicity of the first with the subtle murkiness of the second. We can reconstruct the 1888 story step by step: a rather lonely child, seeing no children of her own age except the grocer's clerk, whose place of work is right next to her own. They have time to say only a few words to each other on their way to work and on their way home. One day, he writes her a poem of eight lines. Then he asks her to run away with him. She consents, not having much to lose. But here is something that is closer to our own time and ways. A letter from Monsieur O. to the Prefect of Police reads:—

Paris, November 12, 1923

'Monsieur le Préfet.

'I should like to call your attention to the disappearance of my son, Aristide O., who left our home yesterday. He was with us for a two-day vacation. At the same time Mlle Hélène V., assistant instructor at the L. school (Seine-et-Marne), left her family. This girl, who is much older than my son (he is only fourteen and she is twenty-four), should be held principally responsible in this affair, which is the sorrow of our family.'

A letter by Madame V. reads:—

Paris, November 15, 1923

'Monsieur le Commissaire de Police,

'Yesterday, an inspector came to inquire about my daughter, who has been accused of running away with a fourteen-year-old boy, the son of Monsieur O. I protested against this accusation, for my daughter resumed her duties as assistant instructor on November 12, the day after the Armistice Day holiday. I retain the right to sue Monsieur O. for slander.'

The report of Inspector T. reads:—

'Our investigation has disclosed that Mlle V., assistant instructor at the L. school, was indeed Aristide O.'s mistress, but Aristide O. did not run away with her. It seems that he left with a young girl of the same locality, whom he had met when he used to visit Mlle V. This young girl is being sought, but it is impossible to find out who she is. She was seen several times in the company of Aristide O.'

The letter of Aristide O. to the Chief of Police of L. follows:—

'Monsieur le Commissaire de Police,

'Hearing that I am being sought, as well as my friend, Christine D., who has escaped from the reformatory at Y., and wishing to remain united until death, we have determined to die together, since we can never be united in the eyes of the law. Farewell!'

Postscript in Christine's writing: 'I willingly commit suicide with my lover.'

Thereupon, the chief of the First Bureau of the Police and the Administration had the honor to inform Monsieur O. that Aristide O. had been sought without success. It was never discovered whether the children committed suicide.

The many reports of women leaving their husbands are disconcertingly alike. Weary of her husband's stodgy stupidity, a woman runs away with her lover. The husband writes to the prefect of police to ask that a search be instituted, never failing to add that in view of his wife's 'cold temperament' he is quite at a loss to explain such an escapade. One can generally tell the social rank of the husband by the tone of the letter: if he simply tries to recover what he considers his property, he is generally a worker or an artisan. If, however, he attempts to rationalize his wife's betrayal and save his honor as a man, he is—or considers himself to be—a member of the bourgeoisie. But whether they are written by workers or bourgeois, the similarity of the letters that these poor dispossessed males write to the prefect of police is a terrible indictment of human stupidity.

THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY in the Soviet Union continue to demonstrate a truth that the rest of the world still regards as excellent in theory—and heretical in practice: that knowledge must serve society, at whatever cost to traditional forms of economic, political, or cultural vested interests. The objection—still vociferously raised by the conservative and the uninformed—that science under a Communist dictatorship of the proletariat violates ‘principles’ of freedom and of disinterested research fails to recognize that the same principles are unscrupulously set aside by those—statesmen, politicians, industrialists, financiers—who make social progress synonymous with *their* interests. ‘No ruling class,’ wrote Joseph Stalin, ‘has ever managed to get on without an intelligentsia of its own. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the working class of the U. S. S. R. will also be unable to get on without its own industrial and technical intelligentsia.’

However open to dispute and discussion—much of it very acrimonious—the above position may be, logically it is unassailable. Those who disbelieve in a class basis for intellectual and scientific activity must either be prepared resolutely to attack its subtlest manifestations in their own form of society or frankly admit the right of any dominant social group to utilize the weapons necessitated by historical forces. A final judgment may reasonably be expected to take account of the character and range of the social consequences resulting from the different forms of control. The recent visit to Moscow of that eminently respectable liberal economist, Harold Laski, has again shown that all is not gold that glitters in our capitalist society; despite his reservations and criticisms Mr. Laski is willing to confirm what he said last year:—

‘It is clear enough that the culture of capitalist countries is in a state of decay. It has lost its sense of values, and it is unable to give coherent expression to any body of definite principles. Either, therefore, it is deliberately reactionary, as with T. S. Eliot in England, or mystical and anti-rationalist, as a form of escape from the need to discover new foundations of value to suit a new social order that is emerging.’

WHAT ARE some of these ‘new foundations’ that the Soviet Union is energetically constructing along the scientific and technical front? Material for the answer to this question is so abundant that—as Mr. Laski admitted—it would require the labor of generations merely to assimilate it and put it to work for the ‘new social order’ that is developing from Petrograd to Vladivostok and from Archangel to the Ukraine.

The nerve centre of Soviet scientific activity is the old Tsarist Academy of Science—now transformed beyond recognition by the injection of new blood and vitalizing ideas. The work of the Academy, formerly confined within isolated cells and made known only to properly qualified—and, for the most part, equally isolated—scientists throughout the world, has expanded until, at present, it directs the multiple activities of over 50 institutes, museums, laboratories, and experimental stations scattered through the country. By the end of last year 94 academicians, 1,200 scientific workers, and nearly 700 laboratory and technical workers were directing researches in every field of the basic and applied sciences.

The Physiological Institute, for example, is world-famous because of the researches begun and still supervised by Ivan Pavlov. Here are conducted experiments bearing directly on the physiology

of men and the animals with special reference to the conditioned reflexes, for which Pavlov is best known. Despite his own 'conditioned' distrust of the Soviet ideology, Pavlov is supplied with all the equipment he requires and surrounded by devoted students who carry on and amplify his labors. One of the most brilliant workers in this field, a revolutionary from the start, was Professor Vladimir Mikhailovitch Bekhterev, whose great monograph, *General Principles of Human Reflexology*, established a basis for what he called 'the objective study of personality.' Bekhterev, who died in 1927 at the age of seventy, was president of the State Neurological Academy and Director of the Institute for the Study of the Brain, both of which he helped to organize, the latter in 1918. He established also the Pathologico-Reflexological Institute for the study of psychic disorders; the Children's Observation Institute; the Medico-educational Institute, for anti-social children; Otophonic and Central Institutes, for the study of disorders in child speech and hearing; and the Pedological Institute devoted to study of psychic growth in man from birth to maturity. In addition to these incessant practical labors Bekhterev managed to write nearly 600 articles, papers, monographs, and books dealing with the human brain both in its clinical and its social aspects, many of them of the first importance, most of them favorably known to specialists. That 'science' was not, for this Soviet veteran, an activity to be pursued in careful detachment from the life around him is shown by the fact that for a great many years the students of the State Institute of Medical Science (GIMZ) elected him their delegate to the Leningrad Workers' and Peasants' Soviet.

ALSO UNDER the watchful eye of the Academy are:—

The Seismological Institute, with its widely scattered stations throughout the Union. Here are carried on extensive re-

searches into earthquakes, studies in applied geology and in the problems associated with the new science of geophysics, which seeks to develop methods, electrical and other, to determine what lies beneath the earth's crust, thus leading to a more efficient use of mineral resources.

The Mineralogical Institute gathers data on the composition and properties of the earth's minerals, of which the Soviet Union has so rich and varied a supply. Coöperating with it, as with all the other branches, is the Institute of Soil Culture, which is actively engaged in soil analysis. The Botanical Institute studies the flora of the Soviet Union and is now publishing a large monograph on this subject, and the Zoölogical Institute does the same for the fauna.

In connection with practical research along botanical lines, and as an example of the incentive provided by the Soviet attitude toward society, we have the former Tsarist railroad clerk, Michurin. For fifty years this obscure self-taught horticulturist 'cultivated his own garden,' like Candide. So interesting were some of his discoveries that he received—and refused—an invitation to America. His patient labors recognized by a special decree of the Council of People's Commissars, Michurin has to-day become the Soviet Burbank—except that he is not interested in trick flowers or bizarre luxury fruits. Michurin has made Crimean apples grow in Archangel, cherries ripen in Yakutsk, and grapes in Tomsk. His 'Arctic' grape can survive a temperature of 38 degrees below zero. He has succeeded, believe it or not, in making cabbages grow on radishes and tobacco on tomatoes and, through his constant efforts, has developed ways of increasing the yield of a vegetable garden twenty-fold. Nor are any of his methods kept secret: four thousand centres for 'Michurin correspondence courses' testify to the tremendous intellectual energy released by the Soviet Union and to the absence of the 'ca-canny' attitude so

widespread among inventors and the technical intelligentsia under capitalism.

IN THE physical sciences also Russia is making her mark. The Institute of Physical-Chemical Analysis, directed by N. Kurnakov, carries forward the pioneer labors of the French chemist, Berthollet, who sought to unify the two sciences in relation to mineral substances. Through its researches, which are conducted with great technical exactitude, the Institute is throwing new light, not only on the theoretical problems of rock formation, thermal and chemical change, but also on metal alloys, geological determinations, and constructional mechanics. The results of this activity possess great value to metallurgy, for modern civilization depends upon the metals and their numerous alloys.

Although the Geochemical Institute works in a comparatively new field, it is making valuable contributions to knowledge—and practice. One of its principal tasks lies in that branch of study known as the ‘geochemistry of raw materials.’ The Geochemical Institute was able to determine, among other things, the immense industrial importance of various ore accumulations in the Kola Peninsula, and its subsequent explorations revealed deposits of pentlandite (an industrial carrier of nickel), traces of platinum carriers, and of copper pyrites.

TURNING TO the medical sciences, something should be said of the important work being done in the field of genetics by the Medico-Biological Institute of Moscow. Here we are confronted again—but with what a difference!—by the problem that has all our eugenists and social scientists in each other’s hair: what part of an individual’s character and development is the result of environment and what part is fatally preordained by heredity? According to a report by Anna Louise Strong, the Medico-Biological Institute is now attacking this problem by

studying such diseases as diabetes, stomach ulcers, cancer, asthma, high blood-pressure, and rickets. The director, Dr. Solomon Levit, a trained geneticist who studied in America under the direction of Dr. H. J. Muller, went to Moscow 12 years ago, leaving behind a trunkful of carefully bred fruit flies, to the consternation of the customs authorities and to the great subsequent profit of the Institute. In addition to being a thoroughgoing scientist Dr. Muller (who is again in Russia, this time studying at the Genetics Institute of Petrograd) is firmly opposed to loose generalizations about what human beings can or cannot do: a year ago he wrote an article entitled ‘The Dominance of Economics over Eugenics,’ which provides not only an excellent corrective to improper eugenic speculation but also a sober statement of the attitude of Soviet science as a whole.

THREE WAYS of studying heredity are open to genetics. One considers the actual cells of the body; the second method utilizes the so-called ‘family pedigrees’ in order to show what happens in a series of selected generations: Sir Francis Galton (to whom Mendel and his work were unknown) used this method—and laid the basis for much subsequent abuse; the third method has recourse to actual experimental work with human beings placed under control conditions and studied with reference to selected factors. It is here that we encounter the question of twins—and return to Dr. Levit’s work.

We learn from Miss Strong that ‘in its supply of twins the Moscow Institute surpasses the world. Seven hundred pairs of twins are already listed in the files, and several hundred are now being studied. Ten pairs of twins live at the Institute and are educated in its model kindergarten.’ Now these twins are of the type known as ‘identical’: that is to say, each one of the pair (which is always of one sex, male or female) is the product of a double fertiliza-

tion of the same egg, a fact that results in the closest genetic similarity, thus making it possible, by means of controlled changes in the environment and in the type of education, to clarify, if not fully to establish, the specific rôle of the genetic endowment in individual development. Thus, in the question of food and diet, the Institute is trying to determine whether such factors as weight, time of teething, time when the infant first walks and talks are the result of the nutrition alone or of inherited traits. Another investigation studies the much disputed effect of violet ray treatment for rickets and indicates that such treatment is valueless as a permanent cure. By subjecting both identical and fraternal (born of separate eggs) twins to the same type of environment—in respect to food, light, air, etc.—sharp differences in response between the fraternal twins will indicate the action of genetic variations, while uniformity of response, in members of either pair, will show that the environment has a decisive vote.

EVEN WITH regard to the more subtle 'mental' characteristics—the point at which most confusion, not to say chauvinism, enters—the Moscow Institute is making some notable discoveries. Taking that vague concept, 'creative ability,' as a base, Dr. Levit and his co-workers selected five pairs of identical twins and divided them into two groups, the 'passive' and the 'active.' All were then given toy blocks to play with and certain geometric figures, designs, etc. to copy. The 'passive' ones made their copies on the basis of models constructed of blocks exactly similar in shape and form to the ones with which they played, while the 'active' members had to put their models together from blocks requiring ingenuity and analysis of the problem. The 'training' lasted three months and was then discontinued for a time. Upon subjecting the twins to 'repeat' tests at intervals, it

was learned that specific differences in constructive ability had been developed. The 'active' twins were not only able to copy, quickly and well, intricate models beyond the grasp of the 'passive' ones, they could perform more complicated acts of design and analysis, even 'reversing' certain drawings. The connection between facts like these and the problem of child education is quite evident; although not in themselves new, these experiments, because of the large scale on which they are made and the wholesome social attitude that inspires them, may well lead to very radical improvements in our treatment of children and adults alike—provided always that the general social background contributes to, rather than interferes with, the improvement. Dr. Levit, who is not only an enthusiastic Soviet worker but a scientist whose accomplishments in his field have gained the approval of such 'bourgeois' authorities as Dr. Lancelot Hogben, is very frank in his summing up:—

'The results of our experiments must be checked in other places, and the determination must be repeated as years go by in Moscow. We shall be able to say that in such and such an epoch in such a country the relative importance of heredity and environment was so and so. But in the future we have no doubt that the importance of heredity will increase. For the environment will be conquered when all children have an equally good environment, and the factor of heredity will then be more important than it is to-day.'

'When all children have an equally good environment'—that is the essential core of the problem of modern society and the spearhead of any honest and thorough-going attack upon the tragic inequities of the world that the greater part of us still inhabit. In the Soviet Union—as these very few examples have sought to show—that attack is at least being made, without benefit of clergy.

—HAROLD WARD

AS OTHERS SEE US

WHAT IS ROOSEVELTISM?

A NEW book entitled *La Vraie révolution de Roosevelt* by Robert de Saint-Jean has just appeared in Paris where it has attracted considerable attention. André Maurois, for instance, comments as follows in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*:—

If the world were made of nothing but American hearts, the Roosevelt revolution would have been a big success. The devil of it is that there are things to consider, too. The universe of fields, markets, factories, and banks cannot be transformed as emotions can. After a year it seems clear that hostile forces offer tenacious resistance. Saint-Jean quotes these profound and tragic words by Bainville: 'Those who apply their minds to calculating the course of events obtain results that are worth about as much as if they had spent their time observing coffee grounds.' I imagine that, if Bainville were pushed a little further, he would have even more confidence in the powers of divination than in economic science. Logical reasoning composed in abstract terms unrolls with admirable order as long as the reasoners are not in power. But as soon as the steps they advised are applied the results upset the conclusions that their minds had reached.

Roosevelt thought that inflation would raise prices, which seemed reasonable. He depreciated the dollar 40 per cent, but prices have not risen by that amount. He thought that he could reemploy the unemployed by cutting the hours of labor, which seemed obvious, but numerical laws do not apply to human emotions. 'You give business a push, and then it will carry you along.' Working hours were shortened, but apart from the artificial employment

provided by the State the number of unemployed has hardly changed. Once again we think of the old legend of the sorcerer's apprentice. Young men have started to wield the broom, and now it threatens to sweep them out, too. Where is the old magician whose ancient but effective formula will start the process?

The danger of sentimental revolutions is that they easily turn against themselves. America, weary of Puritanism and bankers, has turned enthusiastically to scholars. In the event of failure the danger is that she will return to her ancient gods. Those who have observed with sympathy the enthusiasm of the young men have their hopes. The scientific attitude of the President's advisers not only includes a clever appeal to a contemporary mania but a real faith in methods that added to the grandeur of man and aided him to conquer nature during the nineteenth century. If Roosevelt and his friends have the courage to follow the real experimental method without intellectual pride and say, 'Here we were mistaken; here we must rectify and here transform,' perhaps this sentimental revolution may still be turned into political evolution. 'Under any system,' Napoleon said, 'the right must always be reserved to laugh to-morrow at yesterday's idea.'

One passage from the book itself recounting what Mr. Owen D. Young said to the perplexed author is also worth recording:—

'How can you find it difficult to understand such simple things?' he said looking at me with a malicious eye. He then leaned back in his armchair and, after a few seconds of silence, murmured, 'The President is standing in the middle of the seesaw. It is nothing worse than that. At this moment nobody could choose a better

place, one foot on the left, one on the right, and his head turned toward the left, that is toward the Middle West. You know,' and the voice of Mr. Owen D. Young became serious, 'that in 1933 the farmers almost revolted. Now they must understand that they are receiving attention, that an attempt is being made to raise domestic prices by devaluating the dollar, and perhaps they will show more patience. In the South calm has returned in some measure among the cotton farmers, but things are evidently not going so well with the wheat farmers. Well, we'll see. For the moment the experiment continues. Business is already appreciably better than it was last year. He must remain on the seesaw.'

RADEK ON EASTMAN

IN AN article entitled 'A Lackey without Uniform' Karl Radek, foremost journalist in Russia, has some hard things to say about Max Eastman's *Artists in Uniform*:—

The American bourgeois press has greeted this new book with joy. Now that stories about the economic collapse of the U. S. S. R. have necessarily stopped, it is pleasant indeed to find a man, formerly considered a revolutionary, who declares that the Soviet Union has killed art with a system of mechanized party regulation. It is true in this case, as the Germans say, that lies have short legs, for the American book market is crowded with books by Soviet authors, which are meeting with great success among the reading public. These books tell the man who is not interested in economics and politics not only of the brilliant development of Soviet life but of literary achievements that have no counterpart in bourgeois literature.

Granting that Mr. Eastman writes in all sincerity, he himself does not realize that he is merely repeating bourgeois

ideas about classless art. He attacks even his teacher, Trotsky, for having attempted to find class roots in literature. We have here a typical representative of literary bohemianism, a man who remembers neither his origins nor his name, who rubbed elbows with revolutionary, petty-bourgeois ideas in cafés and therefore declared himself a revolutionary writer. Cast aside by the labor movement, this '*gladius tavernalis*' fell onto the dung-heap of bourgeois publishing houses, where it has taken root and blossoms forth. But since the bourgeoisie needs Eastmans only in the rôle of slanderers against the Soviet Union, he must pretend that the fate of the Soviet Union and Soviet literature lies close to his heart. If his ungifted writings were devoted to, let us say, the manufacture of shoe-blackening, they would probably not be printed.

In the first part of his book Eastman appears as a defender of Leninism against the perversion of the 'Stalinist bureaucracy.' He beats his brow at the feet of Lenin so furiously that the earth quakes. He names the friends and companions of Lenin as glibly as if he himself had been one of them, though Lenin knew as much about Mr. Eastman as Mr. Eastman knows about Lenin. But, determined to lay strong foundations for the liberation of Soviet literature, he concludes that Marxism is the root of all evil and devotes the last part of his book to describing the relation between Marxist philosophy and art.

Let us consider the scientific disclosures vouchsafed us by little Max in his march against Marx. It seems that the dialectic was merely a method of argument used by Plato and revived by the aging Hegel and that it bore no relation to science, which 'never had recourse to it in any form' but relied solely on observation and experimentation. Hegel needed dialectics to save God from contemporary science. Marx was interested in Hegel in his youth. Later he freed himself of Hegel's idealism but remained enslaved by Hegel's dialectic.

cal tricks. That had a bad effect on him and made him try to reconcile facts with dialectics. Thus, he was forced to rely on the idea of development through contradictions to inculcate the idea of victory upon the proletariat.

This method is 'unscientific, metaphysical, religious in the full sense of the word.' Mr. Eastman has no need of such 'faith'; he is a man of science who relies entirely on the encyclopedia. Poor Marx, however, unlike learned Max Eastman, was 'completely ignorant in the field of biology.' Lenin did not notice this, toiled over Marxist dialectics, but 'in his practice of politics he completely ignored the metaphysical concepts that he formally endorsed.' Max Eastman believes only in science and 'good American common sense.'

WHAT RUSSIA EXPECTS OF AMERICA

VARIOUS Russian economic leaders have expressed their views on the future of Soviet-American relationships in *Za Industrializatsiu*, an official industrial daily published in Moscow. Serebrovski, head of the gold mining industry in the Soviet Union, declared:—

Three trips to the United States to investigate petroleum, gold, and other metals not only gave me the opportunity to establish close contacts with American firms, they also played an important part in the development of these highly important branches of our own industrial life. The exhaustion of the American oil supply has made our oil industry one of the largest potential sources of supply in the world, and the technical assistance of American firms will add to the efficiency of our petroleum production. American experts maintain that Azneft, the Soviet oil trust, is on the same technical level with the leading undertakings in the United States. I also visited and investigated the gold mines in California, Alaska,

Colorado, and South Dakota. On the basis of my experience a special establishment for washing gold was later constructed at Irkutsk. Our machine factories are making superb equipment essential to the gold industry. The assistance rendered by American science and technique will be even greater in the future because the Americans themselves are convinced that the outlook of our gold industry is dazzling and much more encouraging than the outlook in America. Our metallurgical industries are constructed entirely on the American pattern, and twenty-five American specialists are now employed in our projects and more will soon arrive in Russia and Siberia.

Another industrial leader, Stepanov, had this to say about the machine-tool industry:—

We have just applied to America for three engineers who have become experts in their own country with respect to special machine-tools and the machine-tool industry. The representative of a big American corporation has met us. It is possible that we shall get technical assistance and special equipment from this firm. The very great possibilities of the Russian machine-tool industry unquestionably provide a basis for considerable participation by American industry.

Filimonov, one of the leading representatives of the Russian electrical industry, said:—

As the experience of the General Electric Company has shown, contracts providing for technical assistance are advantageous to both parties. European and Asiatic Russia offers the American electrical industry enormous markets. We might base our coöperation with American firms on the exchange of raw materials and products to be used in industry for semi-finished or finished industrial goods.

Another Russian economic expert, Bitker, had this to say about coöpera-

tion in the rubber and asbestos industries:—

Rich as America may be in raw materials, American industry is certainly interested in Russia's manganese, asbestos, and lumber. What is important to us is to develop an American rate of production that far exceeds the technical achievements of Germany and England. We need America for our rubber industry because of the anticipated growth of the automobile industry in Russia. Finally, America is the world's largest consumer of rubber though it possesses no rubber supply of its own. We, however, have developed this branch of industry to a considerable degree.

Finally, one of the leaders of the Russian automobile and tractor industry, Dybez, who is well known in the United States, declared:—

Until the end of 1933 we had about fifty of our specialists working in American automobile and tractor plants. On the other hand, there were about six hundred American engineers, technicians, and specialists in the automobile and tractor factories of the Soviet Union. Such a living, 'human' bond leads to the greatest expansion of production and to an unprecedented tempo of work. America is the land of the most advanced mechanical development and has attained the highest degree of mass production. Our chief task is to assimilate American technology, to improve and develop our machinery to a higher and higher level of production. Economic collaboration between America and Russia will unquestionably lead to positive results.

The *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, commenting on these observations, points out that Russia wants six-year credits from the United States:—

Such a demand must be regarded as altogether extraordinary since even Germany granted four-year credits only under exceptional circumstances. With repay-

ment so long postponed these credits would amount to loans. In the light of the rapprochement between America and Russia that is occurring in advance of any economic collaboration, this may be said: from the point of view of world politics the Soviet Union attached primary importance to the slogan, 'With America against Japan,' but from the point of view of world economics the slogan may at any moment be announced as 'With America against Europe.'

YOUNG AMERICA

WRITING in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, A. Buisson devotes a long essay to the subject of 'Europe in the Eyes of Young America.' The concluding paragraphs of his observations possess a tolerance surprising in present-day Germany:—

Since America defined the fundamental problems of its national existence long ago, its young people do not form any very 'fundamental' political opposition. Even the 'radical' youth of to-day has discovered that the present Government is moving so fast that a radical opposition has become impossible. The Roosevelt régime will enjoy the sympathy of the young people as long as it defends the interests of the community against economic monopoly and as long as it gives the labor movement powerful encouragement, in short, as long as it vigorously pursues the 'American way.' Young people will begin to go over to the opposition only when they believe that reactionaries and capitalists are again exercising a strong influence on the government. It would be premature to say more at the present time.

What the young people deplore in present-day politics is its lack of any basic philosophy, but they are told that this element is on its way. Perhaps a time will come when some European follower of Roosevelt will announce that capitalism has passed away, but the youth of Amer-

ica would hardly be inclined to quarrel with this judgment since capitalism has hardly any defenders left, even outside the ranks of the so-called radical young people.

One fact that surprises many foreigners possesses special interest in this connection. It is the great number of young people who visit the Soviet Union every year without being Communists and who believe that America and Russia must solve similar problems and confront similar tasks in the near future. We are not aware that the stormy enthusiasm and festive celebrations that followed American recognition of the Soviet Union were interrupted by young political groups. On the contrary, the prompt appointment of an American ambassador to Moscow received a loud acclaim.

This far-reaching sense of unity with Russia contrasts with the attitude of the young people toward the new Germany. They emphatically proclaim that Americans do not want any German agents but merely objective interpreters. Yet America will not even listen to these interpreters with cool objectivity, as is proved by the student demonstrations and the statements signed by well-known people criticizing the new Germany. We may disagree with the philosophic basis of this attitude, but I doubt whether a more philosophic definition of the New Deal would mobilize the youth of America any more actively either for Roosevelt or against him. As I see it, the young Americans do not search for their world philosophy in politics but in the field of religion and the Church. Indeed, I have the impression that outside Germany there exists a liberal intellectual tradition that is not a philosophy in a vacuum but that often amounts to a religious manifestation of the national spirit. If this is true, then it explains the numerous hostile reactions toward modern Germany and it indicates

that this liberalism has little to do with the former liberalism of the Old World.

The same thing is true in regard to the race question. Anyone who knows conditions in the American South and West finds it hard to understand why German National-Socialist ideas are not accepted, but when one raises the question the young Americans reply, 'Certainly we have a race problem, too, more than one of them. We try to handle it. If the race struggle which once led to a terrible civil war were to reappear in America we should have dozens of racial and national problems on our hands. It would end with everybody fighting everybody else, and our national unity would collapse. The American national idea, based on the conception of unity, has made America great.'

It is on these grounds that anti-democratic and anti-liberal ideas are often violently opposed. 'Why,' asks the young American, 'do you damn democracy and liberalism? They have given almost every nation in the world national freedom and social unity and have been preserved for centuries, even though Germany has come to despair of them in the last fifteen years? Were not all Nordic nations ruled in this spirit, whether their state took the form of a monarchy or a republic?'

It is significant that a well-known college professor who is one of the intellectual fathers of the New Deal used the same argument, in a speech on 'The American Way,' to refute the proposals of Lawrence Dennis in behalf of American Fascism and those of John Strachey in behalf of Communism. 'Listen to these speeches,' he said in typically American fashion, 'and you encounter the same old European ideas against which we fought one hundred and sixty years ago in our Revolution and against which we have won our national freedom and independence. Europe has learned nothing in two thousand years.'

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

merchants and pirates share power with the British, and in Siam, to the north, Japanese advisers have taken the places of Englishmen and Americans at the royal court.

LAST winter newspapers all over the world printed accounts of the shipwrecked members of the *Chelyuskin* expedition in the Bering Strait, and a contributor to the *Revue des Vivants* has now pieced together the complete story, drawing a great deal of his narrative from the descriptions written by the people who participated in the adventure. Not only does it make an exciting narrative bearing testimony to the discipline and courage of the Russian Communists, it calls attention to the efforts that the Soviet Union is devoting to the whole Arctic region. For the expedition was not a movie or publicity stunt à la Commander Byrd, it was part of a deliberate effort to exploit the wealth of the Arctic region and to develop a new line of maritime communication between European and Asiatic Russia, a line that may prove even more important in war than in peace.

CHEKHOV'S widow, whom many Americans know as one of the most accomplished members of the Moscow Art Theatre's troupe, tells of her husband's last six years. She shows that he liked being married to a woman with a career of her own,—especially if that career had to do with the stage,—and she gives the plot of a play that he had planned to write but

that never got on paper. The most moving part of the narrative describes the unforgettable beautiful scene of his death.

WHEN Wilbur Wright visited France in 1908 and made his first flight over European soil, he impulsively invited the German ambassador in Paris to join him. We translate this month the description this first European airplane passenger has just written of a journey that occurred barely a quarter of a century ago but that seems archaic in a world of Lindberghs and transcontinental flyers. It has, however, a sinister significance, appearing as it does in Nazi Germany, which is glorifying the airplane for a very different purpose than the Wright brothers had in mind when they invented it.

THE interview with von Schleicher in our 'Persons and Personages' department belongs to history along with the foreign diplomat's leading article on the inside story of June 30, 1934. It also fits in with the picture we have been piecing together here of Nazi Germany as the private preserve of Fritz Thyssen, from which rival industrialists are excluded as roughly as any Communist.

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT'S latest novel, *Les Célibataires*, has just won the annual prize given by the French Academy. Jean Fayard, himself the winner of the Goncourt Prize for 1931, writes a sketch of de Montherlant, who emerges as the exact French equivalent of Ernest Hemingway. He also tells something about the book that won him this latest distinction.